

Children's Newspaper, August 14, 1926

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE LIONS ON THE LINKS

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ASK A TREE ABOUT THE WEATHER

WHAT IT TELLS US OF THE SUN

**Striking New Discoveries by
a Professor**

THE SEQUOIA GIANT

There would seem to be little connection between trees and the great whirlpools of the Sun which we call sunspots, yet a Professor of the University of Arizona has shown that we can find in trees a record of sunspot activity during hundreds of years.

It is well known that the concentric rings seen on the cross-section of a tree indicate annual growth, and that by counting the rings we can find out the age of a tree. But the rings do more than this; in wet years the tree will grow faster than in the years of drought, and will show a thicker ring of growth.

By examining the cross-sections of some yellow Arizona pines five or six centuries old Professor Douglass was able to trace periods of drought in Arizona and New Mexico hundreds of years ago. Thus he found long droughts beginning in 1573, 1682, and 1729; he was able even to date beams in Indian buildings.

Tree-rings and Sun-spots

In making these interesting investigations Professor Douglass noticed that periods of least and greatest growth alternated at intervals of eleven years, and had been alternating for 500 years.

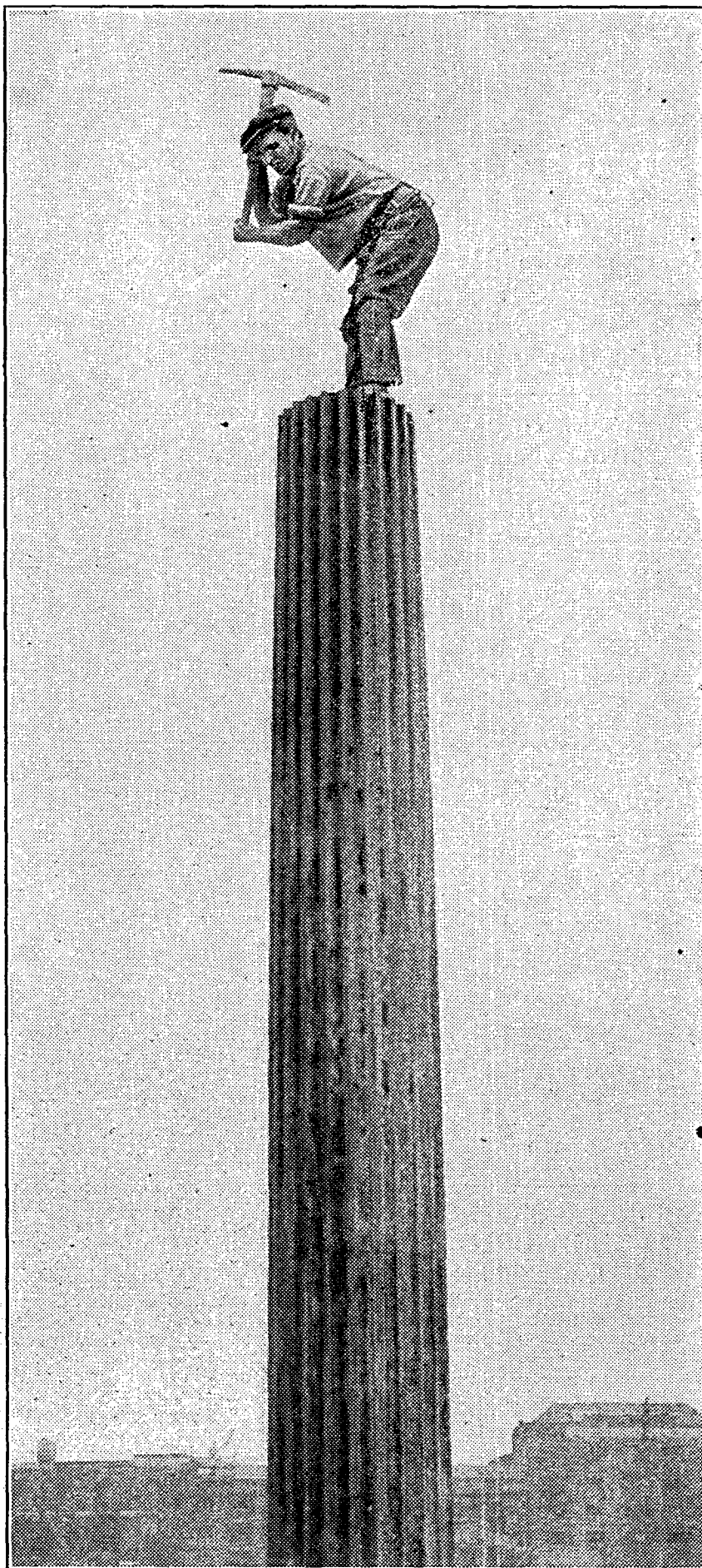
Now, it is known that sunspots have periods of greatest and least activity at intervals of eleven years, and so it seems almost certain that the trees record the coming and going of the sunspots and that the spots do have some effect on the rainfall. Mr. E. W. Maunder, of Greenwich Observatory, hearing of these observations, wrote to Professor Douglass and said that if the rings of the trees did actually record the sunspots there should be in the rings a record of the period between 1647 and 1715, when astronomical observations showed an almost total absence of sunspots.

The Sun and the Weather

On examination Professor Douglass found that this period was actually recorded. So that there seems a good deal of reason to believe that the sunspots do actually affect the weather, and that the alterations they cause in the rainfall are recorded and can be read in the trees.

The trees examined by the professor were only five or six hundred years old, but there are trees, the famous sequoias, which show over two thousand rings, and these were found to record sunspots and rainfall changes. It is all wonderful, and it is odd to think that if we wish to know whether there have been great changes in the climate of California during the last two thousand years we have merely to ask a sequoia giant.

Patience on a Monument



This strange scene was photographed in London the other day when workmen were busy demolishing the Church of St. Olaf in Tooley Street, near the Monument. The building had to be taken down piece by piece, and even the columns had to be chipped away patiently by the workmen, as they could not be felled like chimneys owing to lack of room

THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

LIGHT AFTER 1000 YEARS

**The Fairy Electra Calls at
Dunvegan**

CASTLE AND THE FLAG

*The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story.*

Dunvegan Castle, having held out for a thousand years against the storms of Skye and the wind of progress, has at last yielded to modern ideas and now lights its dark bulk with electricity.

The 50-watt lamp will shine on the banquet hall where Rory O'More lifted the great drinking-horn only too often. The click of a switch will fill with soft radiance the chamber where twelve MacDonalds were done to death by the smoky flare of the torches of long syne.

Many a Highland laird to this dark tower came, pursued by ancient feuds. In the dungeon where the prisoners were cast to languish in squalor and misery no light came at all except when the gaoler flung in to them a crust of bread, or brought a stoup of water. But the dungeon is now lighted and its shadows are gone for ever.

The Fairy Flag

With them have gone the ghosts of dead men, and all the old, unhappy, far-off things which cast a shadow over Dunvegan on the brightest day. Only one thing may hope to survive the flood of new light. Among the broadswords and dirks, the Lochaber axes and targes, of old times and ancient feuds is a faded yellow shred of silk which legend names the Fairy Flag.

Long ago, the tale runs, a Chief of Dunvegan loved a fairy, and the two used to meet on a green hill not far away. One night she gave the Chief this flag, telling him that if ever he or one of his race were in sore need of help a wave of the flag would bring it.

Only three times might the flag be waved. If ever it were waved a fourth time the fairy would take it back, and the waver with it.

We are not told if the flag has been waved its full three times, but the fairy would hardly venture now, whoever waved it, unless it should turn out that the fairy was the goddess Electra herself, whose face is light and whose feet are speed. Perhaps, after all, that is so, and this is the third waving of the flag of Dunvegan.

FRANCS AND FRANCE

A rich American, Mr. Frank Buhl, has died and left £400,000 to aid the inhabitants of the war-devastated areas of Belgium and Northern France.

The executors decided to give half to each country, which at the moment of transfer meant forty million francs for France. A committee has been formed in Paris to decide how to spend it.

A DETECTIVE STORY WHICH HAPPENS TO BE TRUE

How the Clever Men of Scotland
Yard Get Their Ideas
TRIUMPH OF THE AMATEUR

In most mystery novels it is an amateur who solves the problem when Scotland Yard has failed. When we heard that a book had been written by a real detective we expected to find that all the problems in it were solved by professionals after the amateurs had failed.

But the memoirs of Mr. Charles Arrow, a retired Chief Inspector of the C.I.D., contain a delightful story which is yet another feather in the cap of the amateur sleuth, and is true.

Greenwich Hospital was the proud possessor of Nelson's watch and seal. One day they disappeared. A certain man and a bag disappeared about the same time. The police got the man, but not the relics or the bag, and the man protested that he knew nothing of their whereabouts.

A Happy Thought

The authorities were nearly frantic at the loss of the precious heirlooms, and the police scoured shops and cloak-rooms in vain. At last the inspector himself found the missing bag at a country railway station.

But his joy was as short-lived as the hope of Mother Hubbard's dog, for he could not find the watch and seal.

He returned to his own home at midnight, weary and disgusted. Mrs. Arrow was sitting up for him.

"I've found the bag," he told her sadly, "but it is no use. There was nothing in it except some old clothes and a concertina."

Trust a woman for a bright simplicity. "Did you look inside the concertina?" Mrs. Arrow asked.

The inspector sprang up from his untasted supper and dashed back to the station. With excited fingers he performed a surgical operation on the concertina, and there lay the treasure!

It was another triumph for the amateur, but as it was all in the family the inspector did not mind.

THE MAJESTIC UP THE THAMES Biggest Ships to Reach Tilbury HOUSING THE LARGEST LINERS

Work has been begun on the huge improvement scheme for Tilbury Docks which will enable them to accommodate the largest liner afloat.

There is to be a new entrance lock from the bend of the river above Tilbury running eastward to the main dock, as well as a new dry dock. The lock and the dry dock will each be a thousand feet long, 110 feet wide, and 45 feet deep at high tide. This would easily accommodate the Majestic, with her 915 feet of length and her hundred-feet beam. The work will take five years and will cost nearly three millions.

In addition to this the station serving the L.M.S. Railway, just below the present tidal entrance, is to be enlarged, and a great new floating landing-stage is being built at which the Majestic could berth. Stage and station are to be fully equipped with all facilities for the landing and embarking of passengers, including a new hall for customs.

Another new enterprise of the Port of London Authority is an up-to-date entrance lock for West India Docks which will bring the total expenditure up to four million pounds.

A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS

Disaster Settles on the
Steppes
YELLOW PERIL FROM SYRIA

The unlucky peasants of the Russian steppes are again face to face with disaster, though their country is only just recovering from the havoc worked by the Volga's flood.

A vast army of locusts, flying in a cloud fifteen miles broad, has invaded their fields and is eating up every green thing. Soldiers have been mobilised to fight the plague, and aeroplanes have been sprinkling oil and poison on the insect hordes; but as fresh swarms arrive from the wastes of Turkestan it is almost impossible to wipe out the pests.

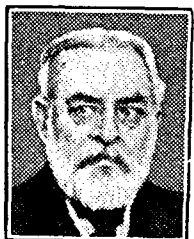
Iraq, where the Government has been at pains to destroy the local white locust in its breeding-places, has also been experiencing trouble from invaders from abroad. Yellow locusts from Syria have worked havoc with the market gardens and cattle fodder, though they arrived too late to destroy the crops.

The foe of the Eastern farmer from time immemorial, the locust still appears to be holding his own stoutly. Yet as civilisation moves eastward his haunts are being more and more made known, and even within our time his destructive power has become notably less.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SON Last Survivor of a Great Name UNITED STATES MINISTER IN LONDON

The eldest but last surviving son of Abraham Lincoln has just died at almost 83.

Born in 1843, Robert Todd Lincoln was only 22 when his father was assassinated. He never cared for politics, but at 38 agreed to serve under President Garfield as Secretary for War, and when Garfield was assassinated he found himself at his deathbed, as he was at that of his father sixteen years before, a repetition of tragedy which made a lasting impression upon him.



Mr. Robert Lincoln

Robert Lincoln was the only Minister asked by President Arthur, Garfield's successor, to remain in office. At the end of Arthur's term he was asked to stand himself for the Presidency, but refused on finding that Arthur wished to stand again. Four years later, in 1889, when his party returned to power, he became United States Minister in London.

During the Civil War he served under General Grant, and then became a lawyer in Chicago. On his return from London, however, he went into business. He loved quiet, and was the last of the Lincoln family in the male line.

SAILING ALONE ROUND THE WORLD A Wonderful Feat

A 53-year-old American called Harry Pigeon has completed the remarkable feat of rounding the globe in a 34-foot yawl made by himself.

The inscription on a gold medal presented to him by the American Yachting Association tells the story in two sentences. It reads: "Awarded to Harry Pigeon, who completed a voyage of 35,000 miles around the world, single-handed, in the yawl Islander, 34 feet over all. He took 3 years, 11 months, 13 days for the voyage."

Pigeon sailed from Los Angeles and went by Australia, Cape Town, and the southern route, returning to Los Angeles through the Panama Canal.

LAMP THAT LIGHTS ITSELF

WHAT HAPPENS ON
RANGOON RIVER

The Light that Burns When the
Sun Goes Down

AND GOES OUT WHEN
THE SUN COMES BACK

When the Sun goes down on Rangoon River the new lightship at the river's mouth feels a strengthening current run through its veins, and as the tropical night comes on the 50,000-candle-power lamp lights itself.

Through the night, even in monsoon weather, the lamp burns steadily till dawn, and then, as the darkness flies and the swiftly-rising Sun looses a shaft of light, the lamp extinguishes itself.

It will go on doing these things night and day without fail for months or years, all unattended except for periodical inspections. Even these are scarcely necessary, for one of these automatic lamps has been known to burn for two years without failing. The source of the light is acetylene gas, and it is lighted or extinguished through a by-pass.

The Man Who Made the Lamp

On the gas nozzles are gas mantles which increase the brilliance of the light, and if any of these are jarred or destroyed by a storm the self-working lamp has a mechanism which replaces them automatically.

The principle of the lamp is simple. Part of its structure consists of four metal pillars, three thin and bright, one thick and blackened. Light falling on these is reflected by the bright metal and absorbed by the blackened pillar. This difference sets up or shuts off a current which works the lamp.

It is the invention of a Scandinavian engineer, Dr. Dalen, who has gone blind since he gave the world this new light. This blind inventor's lamps, on thousands of buoys off France and Scandinavia and far-away Alaska, are lighting the lone waterways of the world.

A NOTE FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Wise Boys of Bembridge
AND SILLY BILLYS IN
CHARABANCS

A correspondent in the Isle of Wight sends us these notes.

The other day Bembridge School celebrated its Foundation. The boys are grouped into four houses, three of which are called after famous living men—Inge, Mascfield, and Nevins.

Dr. Robert McElroy, Professor of American History in Oxford, a man with a sailor's square face and breezy manner and keen eye, gave an address on the importance of cultivating the international mind. He was followed by another American, Professor H. A. Eaton, who confessed he did not like our present postmark British Goods are Best.

"I think some of them are certainly best," said the smiling professor. "I would always come to London if I could for clothes, and your leather goods cannot be beaten. But I don't like your potatoes." The boys saw what he was driving at and applauded. It was evidently a source of real pride to the Warden to mention that American History is regularly studied at the school.

"I met in my ramblings round St. Lawrence on Saturday a picnic of Isle of Wight schoolgirls dancing and playing cheerily on the sands.

"But oh, dear people who drive in charabancs past Yaverland on the summer evenings, cast off that habit of caring nothing and sitting eyes front. I saw a lot of you pass, without a turn of the head, the exquisite little Yaverland church and the old house just beyond."

INVISIBLE WORKERS FOR THE RACE

Why Not an Institute of
Working Microbes?

EATING THE EVENING PAPER
IN THE MORNING

So many kinds of microbes are being used by manufacturers to make things that it has been suggested that we should have a National Institute where studies of useful organisms could be carried on and quantities of those used in industry could be held in readiness.

This suggestion was made the other day by Mr. Chaston Chapman, the new president of the Royal Microscopical Society. He described a wonderful microbe, grown on the surface of liquids containing carbohydrates and ammonium salts, which will produce a thick layer of a food product very rich in fat. Mr. Chapman himself discovered a similar organism, which he caused to make a fatty substance that could be used to produce something very like cream cheese.

Microbes in Factories

Microbes already make a fair proportion of our fuel, and are used on an enormous scale to make solvents used in big factories and in making substitutes for celluloid. If synthetic rubber is ever made on a big scale it will be made with a product that is obtained by the action of microbes.

Mr. Chapman reminded us the other day of a famous sentence in a lecture given in Berlin ten years ago. When we can convert our evening papers into sugar so rapidly that we are able in the morning to eat the albumen from them we shall have solved one of the greatest of the problems of the century, said a great chemist.

These were no idle words; they were based on foresight gained as the result of an immense amount of work with those tiny organisms which cannot be seen without a powerful microscope. The time is indeed approaching when these invisible allies will work in their billions for the human race, with such a power that the world will not be able to get on for a single day without them.

THINGS SAID

Abandon rank, all ye who enter here.
On a porch of All Hallows Church

You cannot do righteousness with
swords. *Mr. Lloyd George*

We are not putting our backs into
our business. *Sir Robert Horne*

I take off my hat to the energy displayed by the people of the Gold Coast.
Under-Secretary for the Colonies

Some divine word is being pressed upon us by the events of this strange and changing time. *Wesleyan President*

One minute gone comes never back again; take heed and see ye nothing do in vain. *The New Liberty Clock*

Nearly the whole secret of life is to be interested in one thing profoundly, and in a thousand other things as well. *Mr. Hugh Walpole*

We are living in a country which in the future will not be a country either comfortable or self-supporting for idlers. *Lord Birkenhead*

If I were Emperor of India I would summon representatives of Hindus and Mussulmans, deprive them of food, and lock them together in a room till they had settled all their quarrels. *Mr. Gandhi*

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The Children's Newspaper

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WIRELESS FROM THE NORTH POLE

Twelve Expeditions Getting Ready

TALKING TO EACH OTHER

There are no fewer than twelve expeditions getting ready to explore the North Pole.

Most of them are on the point of starting, and one and all they are taking wireless with them, so that the wireless telephone will play a vital part in the summer's Polar exploration. Airships and aeroplanes alike will carry the new short-wave sending instruments, and a whole series of wireless stations for receiving their news has been established at a base 1300 miles from the Pole, at Point Barrow in Alaska.

One might almost look upon the North Pole this summer as a fountain of wireless, for a message sent into space at the Pole will travel in all directions and fall like a cascade over the Northern Hemisphere. Wonderful success was obtained last year when MacMillan sent his thrilling stories from the ice-packs of Greenland to civilisation.

Short-Wave Sets for the Pole

Commander Byrd's steamer Chantier will carry a large naval installation as well as a special short-wave instrument. The splendid progress which has been made with these short waves has made wireless much more certain, much more independent of the weather and independent of the time of day, and the Chantier's short-wave set is expected to reach twenty times as far as the more powerful naval installation.

A remarkable amount of work has been spent on the design of wireless instruments for the airships and the aeroplanes taking part in this rush to the Pole. Kites will be used to support the aerial when the aircraft descends.

A Chance for the Amateur

The explorers hope to be able to talk with each other, so that as Wilkins and his companions fly from Alaska they will be able to compare notes with Amundsen, sailing in his airship from Europe; and as each one approaches the goal their voices will get clearer, and they will be able to greet each other across the snowy wastes.

It will be a wonderful time for the wireless amateurs in the northern countries, for the messages from the Pole are to be relayed by the first station to receive them, and will be broadcast over many hundreds of miles. There will be Captain Jules de Pavet from France, the Polar Expedition from Sweden, the combined British and Norwegian Expedition headed by Colonel Tryggve Gran, and others, all with the very latest wireless equipment.

EMPTY BUSES IN CROWDED STREETS

London's New Census

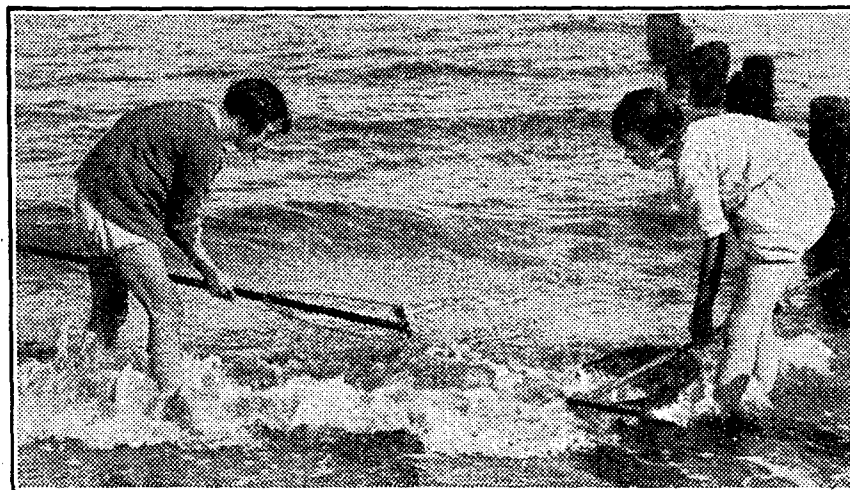
It is a long while since the C.N. pointed out that London streets are blocked by empty buses. Now the Traffic Advisory Committee is going seriously into the matter.

A census has been taken of the buses passing through Piccadilly and Oxford Street and of the passengers they carry, and the Committee is carefully considering the figures so produced. During a large part of the day, and even in busy hours, the buses in these and many other busy streets are only half full, many carrying only half a dozen passengers and some only one or two. Yet they take up as much room as buses that are crowded inside and out. Clearly, in everybody's interest, their number should be heavily cut down.

ENJOYING THE HOLIDAYS



A game of leap-frog beside the Serpentine in London



Shrimping-nets add to the fun of paddling



A merry party of bathers on a raft at Torquay



London boys paddling in the Serpentine

We are now in the very midst of the holiday season, and both children and grown-ups are enjoying the relaxation from work. Even those who cannot get away to the country or seaside find plenty of ways of amusing themselves in the open air in city recreation grounds

THE ENGLISH GIRL WITH THE LEAGUE

Ever Welcome at Geneva

HELPING ON THE GOOD WORK

Although our pessimists complain that there seems less demand every day for the traditional exports of British commerce, the demand for English girls as typists and secretaries in the Secretariat of the League of Nations at Geneva is increasing.

They are, by common consent, by far the most capable and efficient of all the ladies of various nations who are assisting in the daily humdrum work of the great international parliament.

It is good to know, therefore, that when the week's duties are over the girls from London know how to enjoy themselves in their surroundings. Here is an extract from a letter of one of them who exchanged the busy turmoil of a London office not long ago for a desk in the Palace of the League:

"The beauty of the Dent du Midi left me sitting with my mouth open in wonderment and delight. Two or three Sundays ago I did the tour of the lake by motor along the Swiss side, through Lausanne and Vevey to Montreux, where we stayed for two or three hours to pick the wild narcissus which grows in sheets like buttercups, and then back by the French side of the lake. This trip cost only ten shillings.

Palatial Offices

"It is amusing to be so near the frontier as you go out for a walk in Switzerland and suddenly to find yourself in France, which means passports and French money (for what *that* is worth), and all sorts of exciting troubles. And we like to be out in the country a great deal, for the kinemas of Geneva are not exactly the best in Europe.

"My work is very interesting, though it is apt to mean irregular hours. But I sit in a gold-and-white room, enormous and full of dignity, with great chandeliers and quantities of red plush draped over every article of furniture. I feel like a speck of dust in all these splendours, and I know I ought to be wearing an Empire gown and a diamond tiara instead of my drab office clothes."

Is that not the true spirit in which to go to work, the proper cheerfulness for Geneva? No wonder the League prospers, and that our English girls are popular wherever they go.

ENGLISHMEN TO REBUILD A CAPITAL

A Big Scheme for Hungary

The two cities of Buda and Pest, on each side of the broad Danube, which together form the delightful capital of Hungary, have been approached by an enterprising English company, which has offered to take in hand the rebuilding of the old streets on modern lines.

Budapest is too poor nowadays to finance its own housing schemes, and as the Englishmen have offered to begin their work in the district of Taban, in Buda, where some of the buildings are three or four hundred years old, it is likely that Admiral Horthy, who likes most things English, will accept their suggestion. If he does Taban will soon have 300 brand new apartment houses, four storeys high, in place of a number of houses which are no longer fit to live in, with nothing but age to commend them. The new houses will remain the property of the company for 40 years, and will then revert to the city.

People in the Hungarian metropolis are anxious to see the experiment begun; for, though they have little or no capital, labour and materials are cheap and the need for new houses is just as urgent, if not more so, as it is in London and all over England.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS?

William Penn's State
Does a Pretty Thing

MEN FLY TO FEED THE BIRDS

William Penn sleeps in an English country lane; but far away in his State of Pennsylvania his gentle spirit lives.

We may be sure that he would like to know of a thing that is just being done in the State he founded. *When a bird is hungry a man flies to feed it!*

There cannot be many people who do not like feeding the birds, which are so grateful for small favours and accept them so gracefully, but we have never till now heard of our pretty neighbours being fed out of the rates.

It may come to that if the charitable example of Pennsylvania is followed. In that State, which was founded by a good man who sleeps in an English country lane, the winters are very cold and the birds, unlike the founder of the State, have never learned to emigrate.

Manna from the Skies

In the Alleghany Mountains, when a severe winter visits the eastern seaboard, thousands of them perish in the snows. But the State Commission, though it could not teach the birds new habits, could at least try to protect them from the consequences of old habits by feeding them. The difficulty was to find the way to do it.

The aeroplane has given the answer. Planes are now sent soaring over the snowclad heights to drop grain for the birds. How they must wonder (if birds ever wonder at anything) at this manna from the skies!

Often enough the plane has sown death and destruction. It is good to hear of it as sowing the seeds of life. But who would have thought that the day would come when men would fly to feed the birds?

THE PIGEON ON THE SUBMARINE

How it was Saved from Harm

A courteous member of a submarine crew to whom the C.N. finds its way sends us this story of how a pigeon was rescued in the recent storm which brought disaster to so many.

"As we were hastening toward Plymouth, but still a long way from land, we observed two pigeons trying to land on our very small deck. After making several circles one succeeded in landing, but the other, I am sorry to say, fell into the sea, apparently through exhaustion.

"The bird that reached our deck looked very weary. Eventually one of our number coaxed it on his hand, and soon we had it in the conning tower. I held the bird while it drank as I have never seen a bird drink before. Then we turned its attention to some broken beans and bread, and they seemed to suit it very well.

"After an hour or so it became quite perky, so, after fixing a piece of paper to one of its rings with the information that it had been on board with us, we released it, approximately 37 miles to the S.W. of Land's End. It circled us twice and then headed straight for England. Its ring number was 693."

Our readers will feel the sadness of this story so far as the birds on that flight are concerned; but what a glimpse it gives of our fine, kind, hardy sailormen of the Navy!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Alleghany Al-le-gay-ne
Sequoia Se-kwoy-ah
Thermopylae Ther-mop-e-le
Yamaguchi Yah-mah-goo-che

A MILLION LITTLE CUBES

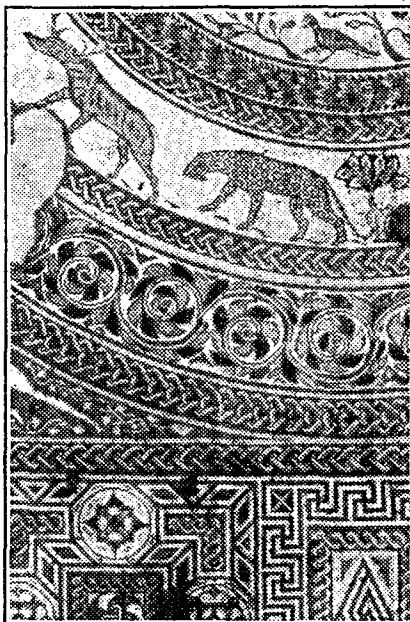
Roman Pavement Seen
Again

UNVEILING A RARE TREASURE IN THE EARTH

Orpheus with his lute, who charmed the birds and beasts, may now be seen again at his joyous task where a Roman artist set him in mosaic pavement on the floor of a villa built for a Roman patrician 2000 years ago at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire.

The villa has been known for 150 years, and the pavement had, in fact, been seen by someone interested in such things a century before that; but it is only lately that patience and loving care have restored its beauties to sight. Before that and the discovery of the villa by Samuel Lysons in 1796 there had been a danger that the picture pavement might be destroyed by weather and neglect.

It is an extraordinary piece of work. When it was made to gladden the eye



The beautiful work of the Roman pavement at Woodchester

of the Roman country gentleman the artificers put into it a million and a half cubes of mosaic, each about half an inch across, to make up a 48-foot square. Blue, brown, red, white, bluish-grey, are the little blocks, and together they make a pattern of Orpheus at his unchanging miracle.

This mosaic flooring was laid down like a carpet in the great hall of the mansion, from which passages led to its outer courts, and the hall most likely boasted a pillared dome. It was a great house, with baths and over sixty rooms. Who was its wealthy owner we shall never know, but when Ceawlin and his Saxons poured over the West it fell into decay, for the Saxons had no use for it, preferring to live in wood-framed houses. It sank quietly into the kindly earth, and, having lived through the days of Saxon and Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart, it has now revealed one of its glories again in the days of the House of Windsor.

A JOLLY PICTURE PAPER

Packed with Holiday Fun

Whether you are at home or on holiday this week you can spend many a happy hour with a jolly coloured picture paper called the Sunbeam.

It is full of happy coloured pictures, laughable jokes, and exciting adventure stories. There are models to make, funny riddles, thrilling picture stories, and a host of other fascinating features.

Do not forget that you can buy the Sunbeam wherever you get your C.N. The price is 2d.

A NEW POWER FOR THE FLYING MEN

Breathing at Great
Heights

FRENCH INVENTOR'S DEVICE

A French man of science, M. Garsaux, has just leaped into fame as the inventor of what is called an artificial lung.

At first it sounds as if human beings had learned to outdo the lobster, which grows a new claw to replace an injured one; but, in sober truth, M. Garsaux's device is simply an aid to airmen. It is a very important one, however, and will have great influence on the future of aviation.

When people climb swiftly to great heights they find great difficulty in breathing because there is less oxygen in the air, and their lungs have not had time to adjust themselves to this change. The new artificial "lungs" are filled with oxygen and worn like a gas-mask. The important thing about them is a marvellously sensitive instrument, called a rheostat, which responds to an increase in height by releasing oxygen, so that the rising airman breathes the air to which he has been accustomed at lower levels.

Armed with this device, pilots will be able to soar to heights which seemed impossible only the other day.

France may have ill-fortune on the Stock Exchange, but she holds her own in the laboratory, as she always will if she follows the arts of peace. If the franc is down the airman is up.

LONDON'S LIBERTY BELL

Seeing Saint George Kill the Dragon

London, the city of clocks and chimes, has added a wonderful new clock to the list. Between the two magnificent blocks of the new Liberty buildings is a connecting bridge, and in the middle of the bridge is a clock under a triple-arched canopy. In the central arch are figures representing St. George and the Dragon.

As each quarter chimes the Westminster chimes St. George chases the dragon once round a circle, and at each stroke of the hour he thrusts forward his lance and strikes the dragon in the neck. The display culminates at noon, when the pursuit is continued for four laps, after which the dragon sustains twelve lance thrusts. He must be glad to get round to one o'clock again!

London will certainly add the new Liberty Clock to its attractions, and we may be sure thousands of children after seeing the Guards change at half-past ten will go to see St. George kill the Dragon at noon. *Picture on page 7*

SHAKESPEARE'S BRIDGE

Where He Stood and Watched the River

The Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon proves itself worthy of its sacred trust in deciding that Clopton Bridge, over which Shakespeare walked, shall not be pulled down.

The old bridge, with its fourteen small but beautiful arches, was built late in the fourteenth century by that Sir Hugh Clopton who also built the house in which Shakespeare afterwards lived, and which another member of his house destroyed later. There must have been another bridge long before it, and before that a ford, for it certainly represents a very ancient highway. Indeed, the Romans may have used it, for they are known by their coins to have lived not far away.

By Shakespeare's time it must have been well weathered, and we can imagine him lingering on it with Anne Hathaway, gazing on one of England's fairest scenes. May our children and their children long do likewise!

A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR

HOUSE OF LORDS AND
13s. 2d.

Lawyers Reaping a Rich
Harvest Over Railway Rates

A PRETTY QUARREL

The great sugar-refining firm of Tate and Lyle say that the railway has been charging them 13s. 2d. too much on a consignment of sugar from Silvertown to Leicester, and it seems that the House of Lords must decide about it.

The amount in dispute comes to less than a penny a hundredweight, which seems rather a small sum to go to the House of Lords about; but it happens that if this particular charge proves legal so many others will be legal too that the difference will reach a total of some 25 million pounds. When the case has been through the High Court, the Court of Appeal, and the House of Lords the lawyers will have pocketed a very substantial sum among them, whichever way the decision goes.

What the Decision Means

At the moment the position is that Mr. Justice Astbury has decided in the Chancery Division of the High Court that the railway companies are right, and it is against this decision that an appeal is to be made.

Up to May, 1923, the companies were entitled to charge a hundred per cent above the pre-war base rate for the carriage of goods; then it was reduced to 75 per cent. A year later it came down to 60 per cent, and in July, 1923, an application to the Railway Rates Tribunal for a further reduction was withdrawn on the railways agreeing to come down voluntarily to 50 per cent.

This last change brought the charge for carrying sugar from Silvertown to Leicester from 24s. a ton to 22s. 8d. At the same time it was agreed that the charge should be 2d. a ton less when five tons were carried in a truck. Then, in June this year, the companies gave 17 days' notice that the charge would be 24s. again. The special 2d. reduction was abolished, and in addition, all over the country, the 60 per cent standard was restored in place of the 50 per cent.

Uncontrolled Railway Rates

Messrs. Tate and Lyle, supported by the whole of the traders of the country, said this could not be done without the consent of the Railway Rates Tribunal; but the railway companies contended that the 2d. reduction was voluntary and could be cancelled at pleasure; and that it belonged to a special class of charges outside the control of the Tribunal. Mr. Justice Astbury has decided that they are right.

The seriousness of the decision does not lie alone in the fact that this difference between 60 per cent and 50 per cent itself means an increased cost of transport of many million pounds, but in the further fact that of the hundred million different railway rates in existence eighty million are of a special class concerned in this judgment. Four-fifths of the rates in the country are therefore released, for the time being, from the control of the Tribunal.

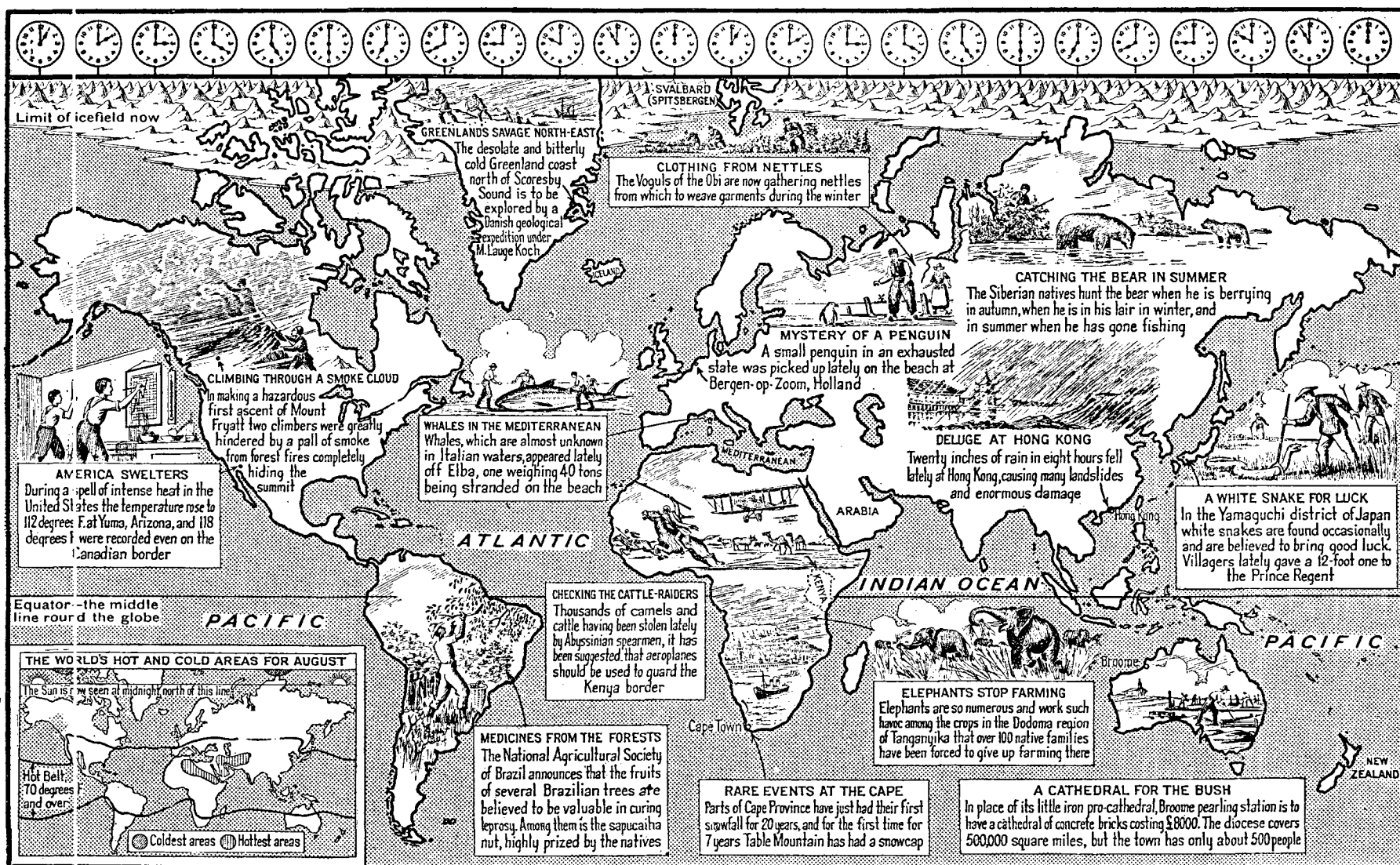
A WONDER ON A SAND BANK

Fog-Signal Worked by
Wireless

There is an interesting fog-signal on a sand-bank in the channel at the entrance to the River Clyde which receives wireless signals from Gourrock Pier, a mile away, and converts them into fresh signals.

The receiver is quite self-contained, requiring attention only once every three months, and is so arranged that it is quite unaffected by atmospheric disturbances.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ANOTHER STEP UPWARDS Mount Fryatt Climbed A CONQUEST OF THE ROCKIES

One more mountain has been compelled to come down from the clouds and acknowledge itself conquered.

Mount Fryatt, one of the highest peaks of the Canadian Rockies, has been climbed by the presidents of the Canadian Alpine and the American Alpine Clubs, who went in company to find the way.

Many a mountaineer has looked across the ice-fields which bar the ascent on one side, or calculated the perils of the precipices and steep slopes of treacherous shale on the other, and has declared that the ascent was impossible.

That word only invites the adventurous climber, and Dr. Hickson, of Canada, and Mr. Palmer, of America, set out together to prove it wrong.

Mount Fryatt gave them a reception first warm and then chilly. To the south a forest fire broke out just as they started, and a pall of smoke rolled over the valleys and the slopes, so that at the beginning of the journey the peak could not be seen. But they knew it was there. They pushed on through the smoke till at last they saw the peak, and they never then let it out of sight till they stood at its summit. *See World Map*

IN LONDON, ONTARIO The Car and the Bear

There is another London, which is in Ontario, and which, if not so large as that next to our doors, can provide thrills for motorists such as in our own streets are unknown. Just before a Canadian motorist reached the town his car ran into two bears.

What happened to his radiator or his mudguards is not stated, but there is now only one bear, still roaming the London wilds in Ontario, to tell the tale. The skin of the other is to provide a fur robe for the next Canadian winter.

FIXING EASTER A Big Calendar Reform on the Way

Easter and Whitsuntide, we may hope, are no longer to go dodging about over March and April. They are to be permanently fixed, and the League of Nations is going to do the fixing.

One of the League's Commissions was asked four years ago to go into the matter, and a committee has been consulting Church authorities and others interested and has found them friendly. The definite recommendation is now made that Easter Sunday should be the second Sunday in April every year, and Whit Sunday, of course, seven weeks later.

It only remains for the League Assembly to adopt the recommendation at its meeting in September. Then it will also consider the Commission's further recommendation, that an International Conference should be held to consider the revision of the calendar. That is a much bigger affair. One idea is to divide the months so as to cut up the year and the quarters more evenly. There is even a suggestion that there should be thirteen months in the year.

The things that are wrong with our calendar and the plans for improving it are fully explained in an article in the September issue of My Magazine.

WHAT AN AIRMAN SAW Two Sunsets in One Day

Captain Horsey, a pilot of the Imperial Airways, has had an original experience. He has seen the Sun set twice on the same day.

He was flying from London to Paris late one evening in July when from a thousand feet up he saw the Sun go down. A passenger then asked him to climb another five or six thousand feet, which he did; and from there he watched the Sun again. It had come into view once more, and he watched it sink below the horizon.

STARVING IN HUDSON BAY The Life-Saving Power of Wireless

Not only at sea has the S O S of the wireless saved men's lives. Something very like it has rescued a party of Canadian trappers on one of the frozen outlets of Hudson Bay from death by cold and starvation.

They were marooned in Fox Channel with food enough only for a few days. One of the party volunteered to try to reach a trading-post and get help for them. He stumbled, more dead than alive, into such a post on Southampton Island, near the north outlet of Hudson Bay, and told his story.

The Hudson's Bay Company's agent sent a ship. The ice pack turned it back. Two dog-team sledges also tried to get to Fox Channel overland. The travelling was too rough. They also returned.

But now the wireless took a hand. The news flashed southward from the Hudson Bay post till it reached the big radio stations of the south, and they broadcast the story every night in the hope that someone nearer the threatened men might pick it up and give their aid.

The hope was realised. Another party of trappers picked up the message, and by heroic efforts reached the starving men, but only just in time.

WIND ROTORS Making Electricity With Them

Herr Flettner's experiments with his rotor ship have led electrical engineers to apply his principle to the making of electricity from wind-power.

A novel installation has been invented which generates electricity from the power derived from a wind rotor, and the motor that drives the rotor is controlled by the strength of the wind.

BIRD AND SNAKE IN THE BUSH The Kookaburra's Feat LAUGHING-JACKASS AND THE REPTILE

So proud has Australia become of the kookaburra that it is now almost the bird of the country, as the kangaroo is the national emblem.

Once the kookaburra was rudely called the laughing-jackass, and it is true that it has a most curious note, stranger even than that of the bell bird. It sounds very much like Ha! Ha! and Australian motorists in lonely places assert that it can be frequently heard when they burst a tyre. After that they see the kookaburra, which is not at all shy, but which a traveller is lucky to come across on an ordinary day's march.

There are not so many kookaburras in inhabited Australia as once were seen. They have perhaps been driven out to the wilds, as the Australian parrots have been, by the imported blackbirds and starlings. But of those that are left the Australians are always finding good stories to tell.

One of the latest is of a kookaburra which was seen, near Coldstream, by the members of a shooting party in the Bush (the Bush comes up quite close to many Australian towns) to attack a tiger-snake three feet long, which was coiled up in the bracken.

The bird thrust and thrust again at the reptile, and the shooting party, after watching the fight for ten minutes, intervened on the kookaburra's behalf and shot the snake. On other occasions the laughing-jackass has been seen to kill snakes and then, victoriously sailing to a high tree, shake the victim as a terrier shakes a rat.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 14

1926

Hard Work and Easy Work

It was a British Prime Minister who said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. These words are as true today as when they were written two generations ago. Most of our people work for their living, but few of us know much about the work other people do.

When we inquire into the secrets of work we are much struck by its curious inequality. Some forms of labour are still very hard and exhausting, while others have become so light that they are hardly work at all.

If we go to Sheffield and enter a file factory, we can understand the meaning of the long word *pandemonium*, which Milton used to describe "the high capital of Satan and his peers." The noise is so deafening that if we speak the voice is swallowed up.

Files are forged out of strips of metal by small steam-hammers. The workman takes a strip and holds it under the clattering hammer, which rattles down upon it with bang after bang as rapidly as the firing of a machine-gun. Imagine many of these machines all going at once in the neighbourhood of the forging machines, and you can dimly understand the terrible din of the file shop. We say dimly because the real thing altogether surpasses the imagination.

Now let us turn from the picture of this arduous, deafening, nerve-racking labour to the London Tube railways. The London Tubes have been reduced to clever automatic machines, and many of the men employed have scarcely to exert themselves. The man at the lift punches a ticket and touches a lever with hardly any muscular action. Even his brain has little or nothing to occupy it. His work is reduced to labour which is neither mental nor physical. What a contrast to the girl cutting files at Sheffield!

Remarkable contrasts such as these are to be found throughout the field of labour. In one place we find miners crouching in a thin seam to hew coal in a high temperature and in a darkness that can almost be felt, while in another we find a lorry driver blithely running along the road and enjoying the open air. Or contrast the work at a steel furnace, where men wrestle with white-hot metal, with the mild pursuits of a gardener, hoeing weeds or pruning a fruit tree.

Tens of thousands of occupations, hard and soft, dangerous and easy, make the active world in which we live. Those of us whose lives are cast in pleasant places should never forget the basis of hard work on which Civilisation is built up, and without which it could not endure.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Brotherhood

MOST people are playing more games than they used to, and it is good to think the spirit of sportsmanship flourishes—"Fair play for all, and a sporting chance for the under dog."

A Sportsmanship Brotherhood has been formed in America, and many public schools have applied for charters. Here is its code:

The Code of Honour of a Sportsman is: To keep the rules; to keep faith with his comrade and play the game for his side; to keep himself fit; to keep his temper; to keep from hitting a man when he is down; to keep his pride under in victory; to keep a stout heart and accept defeat with good grace; and to keep a sound soul and a clean mind in a healthy body.

We remember, as we read this, that great Harrow master Edward Bowen, who was constantly saying to his boys: *Take the sweet and bitter as the sweet and bitter come, and always play the game!*

Peter Puck's Picnic

Peter Puck has been picnicking with his cousin Peter Simple of the Children's Pictorial, and he sends us these lines on what happened.

Picnics are delightful now
Underneath the greenwood bough;
Round us blows the country air,
Round us people stand and stare;
Close at hand the thrushes sing,
Closer still mosquitoes sting;
Near to Nature's heart are we,
Nature mingles in our tea:
From the brook we filled our kettle,
And the mud refused to settle;
Ants are in the biscuits, and
Every sandwich tastes of sand.
Now a wasp has smelt our crumbs;
Here the whole battalion comes.
Like the Law, they move us on,
And we hasten to be gone.
Thus the homeward path we tread,
All fed-up, but still not fed.

The Bond Street of Old Egypt

How impressive a minute or two may be in this world!

We were on our way the other day to a shop we love, to see once more the magic colours on its shelves and in its cases; the little works of art on its tables; the pictures on its walls. On the way we stopped a few minutes at a little room in Burlington House, where the Egypt Exploration Society was showing its new discoveries.

There were the magic colours, the lovely little works of art, the pictures—such daintiness and charm as are rarely seen in an exhibition—like a Bond Street shop, *all made thousands of years ago*, all part of the dazzling life of Pharaoh and his people.

Pondering on it all, we left our beautiful shop unvisited, turning the other way with the thought that Life has been on a long, long journey, and that Egypt had its Bond Street too, thousands of years before London was.

Conscience is the presence of God in man. VICTOR HUGO

Edison Does It

Somebody has brought home an Edison story from America.

An engineer brought Edison a diagram. Edison pointed out a flaw. "It is a pity," said the man, "for there is no other way of doing the thing."

Edison went home and reappeared the next day with forty-six ways of doing it!

Tip-Cat

RAIN may be produced in three ways, according to an expert. The surest way is to go out without an umbrella.

An American declares that England is far from finished. The bare idea that it was would give us a start.

THE writer who regrets that everybody cannot be somebody should take comfort from the thought that some think themselves everybody.



MR. BAREFOOT has married Miss Boot. She will probably lend it him sometimes.

THE trouble with many self-made men is that they do not quite finish their work.

AN American friend has come to London to see the Guards change. Another has gone to Paris to see the Governments change.

WE should tire of a pretty face if there were nothing behind it. Luckily the back of the head is always there.

SOME South American tribes are so savage they have no houses. And some English people have no houses and are so savage.

LORD BUCKLAND of Bwlch is the newest title in the peerage. We shall all be talking of Bwlch now.

What Do They Do?

We have just read this story and hasten to send it round the world.

THERE was once a poor widow, so poor that she eked out her thin blanket by placing at night an old door over herself and her little children. One night one of these little ones called out: *Mother, what do those poor children do who haven't got a door to cover them?*

Be Not Afraid

Whatever troubles come on you, of mind, body, or estate, from within or from without, from chance or from intent, from friends or foes—whatever your trouble be, though you be lonely, O children of a heavenly Father, be not afraid!

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Wait

By Our Country Girl

BRUISED are the summer flowers,
Hid is the summer sky,
Over the summer hills
Flocks of grey cloud go by.
Bruised is the heart of Youth,
Broken the hopes of love,
Troubles sweep over me,
Heaven is dark above.
O, but the clouds will break,
Bird-song burst forth again,
Meadows and gardens be
Sweeter because of rain.

SUNK is the splendid Sun,
Dim grows the coloured day,
Evening comes sighing now,
Robed all in dreary grey.
So comes an end to Youth,
Pleasure has had its hour,
Many a lovely dream
Shuts like a weary flower.
Yet after twilight comes
Beauty as bright as noon,
Light's fairest miracle,
Night's silver flower, the Moon.

An Old Lady Takes a Ride

This is a true story which seems worth sending on its way.

AN old lady got into a train for a short journey and, as there was no one else in the compartment, settled down to look out of the window.

Before the train had gone very far she pricked up her ears and looked round. There was a horrid sound coming from under the seat. Something moaned and howled.

The first thing she did was to wish she was at her journey's end; but that did no good, and the howling and moaning went on. Then she resolutely got up and steadied herself in the jolting compartment and bravely looked under the seat. She could see nothing but pipes and dust.

Thinking she must be mistaken, the old lady sat down again and firmly looked out of the window. The howling and moaning seemed to have died away. Then, something touched her foot.

That she could not bear! She screamed, painfully climbed on to the seat, and tucked her feet out of sight.

And still the train did not stop.

Feeling very unhappy, the old lady sat there, taking no notice of what was passing in the countryside, and now and again looking down as far as she could under the seat. She nearly screamed again. A pair of gleaming eyes were peering up at her. Then her face changed, and she laughed.

From behind the pipes, covered with grime, crawled out a miserable and terrified cat. It sat down and looked at the old lady and then jumped up. She forgave it for being so dirty, and was so pleased to know what the hidden enemy was that she stroked it.

The cat could have told a sad tale about some boys who had wedged her down behind the bars under the seat and blocked her in; but she was so thankful to find that it was an old lady she was staring at, and not another boy, that she forgave everything and sat down and purred.

LIONS ON THE LINKS

KING OF BEASTS HIDES NEAR THE 14th HOLE

Daily Drama of Life and Play in Mozambique

THE TERROR AT THE DOOR

By Our Natural Historian

Wherever Britons settle overseas they take cricket, football, and golf with them, and they have done the usual thing at Beira, the seaport of Mozambique.

But it happens that the golf links there are claimed by lions, and there has been a meeting of the rivals on the scene of the dispute. The golfers were at their golf when the ancient proprietors, a lion and his lioness, appeared. The players retired without delay, and the majestic pair established themselves for several days with the golf course as their residential headquarters.

But this could not be taken lying down, so the golfers dropped their clubs, took up their guns, and for several days hunted the invaders. Lions are never at their best in sunlight. Unless wounded or cornered, or hard pressed by hunger, they will not attack or even defend themselves if they can hide or get away.

A Mysterious Hiding-Place

Day after day the two great beasts managed to elude detection, but at last the crack player of the club proved also the crack shot of his side; he espied the lion, fired, and killed it. The lioness escaped, and when the cable was sent off she was said to have taken up her quarters in a mysterious hiding-place somewhere near the 14th hole.

Civilisation has pushed out into Africa before completely expelling the old masters of the wilds, so man and animal meet behind the frontier to the occasional surprise of both, with deliberate war on both sides as the result. It is less than four years since the chief seaport of Tanganyika was raided by troops of lions, the great beasts charging into the very market-place.

Nine Terrible Months

Most people have heard how lions held up the Uganda Railway, actually living upon native workers for nine terrible months. But the railway, after having been brought for three weeks to an absolute standstill, was eventually finished, stations were opened and trains ran; and then other lions stole out of the jungle to take toll of passengers and staff. Here is a sample of the telegrams which used to travel over the wires from local stations to headquarters:

Urgent: Traffic manager. Lion on platform. Please instruct driver and guard to advance cautiously without signalling; guard advise passengers not get out here. One man injured six o'clock by lion. Sent to hospital by trolley. Please send ball cartridges; blank cartridges no good. Extra urgent: Pointsman surrounded by two lions. Has succeeded in climbing telegraph pole near water tank. Immediate succour imperative. Special Secretary of Administration is in dead siding, where he has just shot one lion.

Before the Office Door

Another message, sent from the stationmaster at Tsavo to Nairobi, ran: "Direct driver of down train to enter my yard very cautiously; points locked up; no one can go out; myself, shedman, porters, all in office; lion sitting before office door."

Many a man of the caves must have sat with a lion before his wattle door, but somehow he survived. We hope the golfers will survive, but shall we deny these splendid beasts a measure of admiring sympathy when they fight to retain their old homes? E. A. B.

THOUSANDS OF DREAMS FOR SALE

If there were dreams to sell, what would you buy?
The Poet

"GOING, going, gone, an inventor's dream, no longer of use to the inventor, but it is a great curiosity and very cheap."

That is what the auctioneer might have said of thousands of the models of inventions which for half a century or more have been kept by the United States Patent Office, but 200,000 of which have now been dispersed.

How can one disperse a dream? Some of the dreams of the inventors who filled the Patent Office with their models cannot be dispersed. They are dreams that have come true.

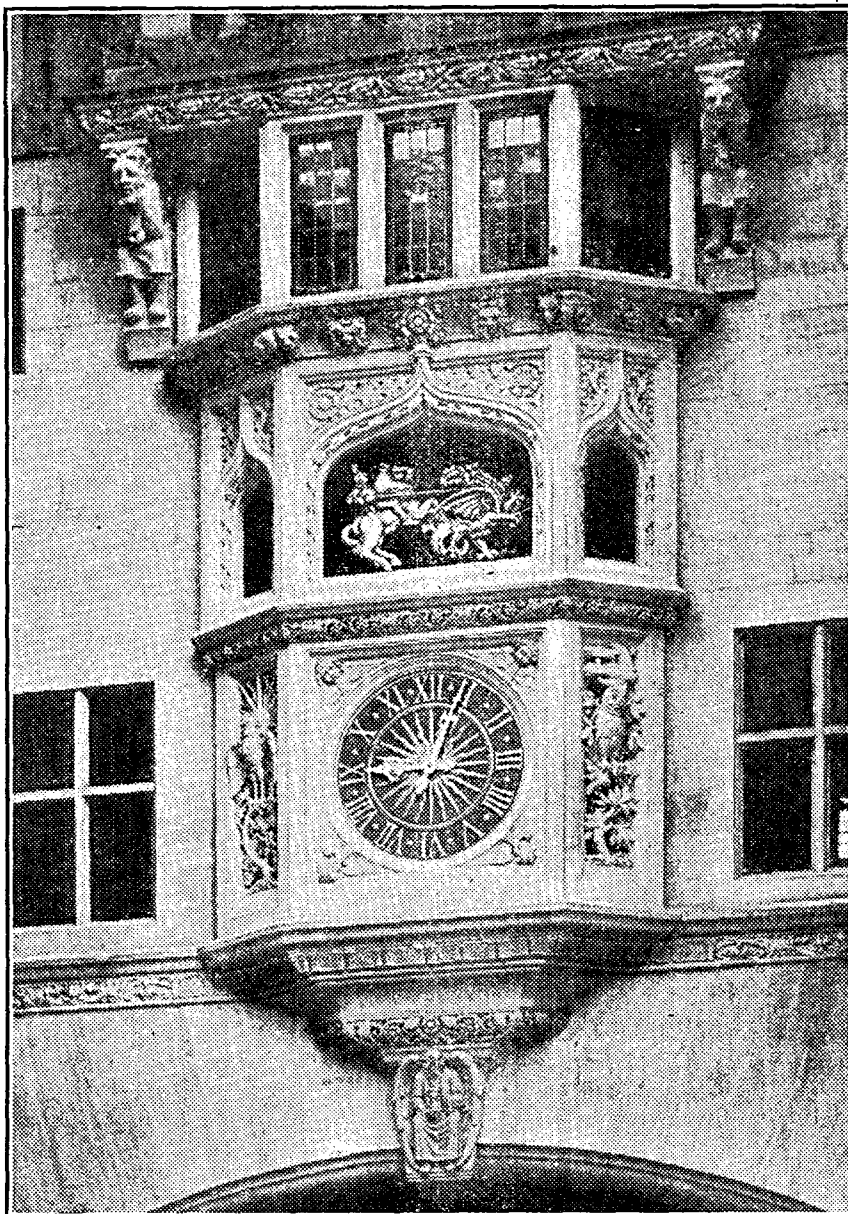
There is the telephone, for example. What a dream that would have seemed once! It is solid and enduring as the

Patent Office now. So are the gramophone and the loud speaker.

The great inventions have become the commonplaces of everyday life, and the Patent Office has sent the models of the more famous ones to the museums. The lesser ones will have harder work to find a home, yet perhaps some of them were the unrecognised parents of the great. A poet once begged his friend to tread lightly lest he stepped on his dreams. Even the failures among the inventors' models should have our gentle consideration, for they were, perhaps, the hopes of somebody's lifetime.

While we live we dream. We are lucky indeed if the dreams are worth anything to anyone else; but it is certain that they are worth something to ourselves even if they are to be numbered among the treasures of the humble.

A NEW SIGHT FOR LONDON



London has a new clock which thousands of its visitors will go to see. From the changing of the Guards in the morning the children will run to see St. George slaying the Dragon at noon, on the bridge between the two new Liberty Buildings in Regent Street. See page 4

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

It is estimated that £20,000,000 worth of building work is going on around the Bank of England at this moment.

Tennis Ball Kills Bird

While a tennis tournament was being played at Northfield, Worcestershire, a tennis ball hit a sparrow which was flying low over the court and killed it.

Seven Sleepers of Verdun

Digging foundations for Verdun's war memorial, workmen lately brought to light seven stone coffins of monks of the eleventh century.

A Michael Angelo Painting

A painting on wood found lately at Bologna is believed to be by Michael Angelo and has been valued at over £125,000. It is a scene in the life of St. Anthony.

Three thousand wolves have been destroyed in Ontario as the result of a campaign during the winter and spring.

Well Done, Ipswich

Ipswich Public Library has issued 420,000 volumes in twelve months, equal to five volumes for every man, woman, and child in that ancient town.

Floods in Australia

Great floods have worked havoc in Western Australia, the Swan River having swollen in places to twelve times its normal size.

Asking Those Who Know

Chertsey Rural Council Housing Committee have decided to seek the opinions of two competent housewives on the arrangement of rooms in Council houses about to be built.

THE COUNTRY GETTING OLDER

CURIOUS PROBLEM THAT MAY BECOME SERIOUS

Astonishing Decrease of Children in the Schools

WHERE WILL THE EMPIRE DRAW ITS PEOPLE FROM?

Perhaps the most amazing of the many amazing facts about England since the war is the great decline in the number of children.

The nation as a whole is growing up, because fewer children are being born. The average age of the people is rising.

At the same time improved conditions, less drinking, better housing, cleaner streets, and more personal care, are helping people to live longer. The death rate is rapidly falling.

So we can form a picture in our minds of our country becoming older—older in the living substance of our people. If we compare the nation today with the days before the war we have a large proportion of old and very old people and a smaller proportion of babies, children, and young people.

Schools Emptying

This is having a marked effect in the schools. Today there are 74,000 fewer children in the schools of England and Wales than there were two years ago. The result is that we are able to have smaller classes in the schools, because there are fewer children to each teacher employed.

It is certain that there will be a further decrease in the children in the schools in the next few years. We know this because fewer children have been born in the last few years, so that when the babies of the last few years grow up to be of school age their numbers will not replace the children who have passed out of the schools because they are over school age.

We do not know when this decrease will stop; we only know that it is still going on.

A Serious Problem

It may be that Britain is rapidly approaching a point at which the entire population will begin to decline. We have now about 39 million people in England and Wales and 4,800,000 persons in Scotland, making a total of roundly 44 millions for Great Britain. The population as a whole is still increasing in England and Wales, but has already begun to decline in Scotland, as it did years ago in Ireland. The probability is that England and Wales will follow Scotland's example.

From an Imperial point of view this is very serious, because if the English and Welsh populations decline there will be no stream of emigrants to fill the great empty spaces of the Empire. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Kenya—these have room for hundreds of millions of white people. Where are these people to come from if the fountain of population in England dries up?

Small Classes the Rule

In the rural villages the decline of the population has reduced the number of schoolchildren very strikingly with the result that the classes are becoming very small. The Minister of Education says that three out of every five classes in the rural schools have not over thirty children to the class, whereas at one time big classes were the rule.

When we hear so much of overcrowded England we cannot help thinking of the poorly-tilled acres which make up so large a proportion of the agricultural area of these islands.

The fact is that, while Britain seems to be set on the road of decline in population, the fact remains that both agriculture and industry could support a considerably larger population.

THE SHIP THAT KEPT ITS SECRET Plans in the Bed of the Sea THE HINDENBURG AND ITS THRILLING STORY

Above the waters of Scapa Flow, in the Orkneys, the rusted funnels and conning-tower of the German battleship Hindenburg have stood out like black bosses on a shield of silver for nearly eight years.

Before the eighth year has quite passed they will be brought back into broad sunlight, and the hull of the Hindenburg with them. The ship the Germans scuttled will in all likelihood be floated in September.

The feat which the salvaging firm hope to accomplish is the biggest ever attempted. The Hindenburg was a ship of 27,000 tons; she holds 60,000 tons of water that has to be pumped out before she will float. Pumps with a capacity of 1000 horse-power will do it.

700 Patches on the Hull

Before they could be put to work on the pumping, which has now begun in the Hindenburg's bow-end, the hull had to be patched. Otherwise the task would have been like that of the classic tale when revolting daughters were set to carry water in vessels which had holes in them.

When the last hole in the Hindenburg has been stopped there will be 700 patches. There are 14 divers who have been continuously patching for months, often at a depth of 70 feet below the surface of Scapa Flow.

Their work would have been much more difficult, and even impossible, if it had not been that the sunken Hindenburg kept careful guard over the plans of its interior. These plans had been etched on steel and varnished to make them lasting, and last they did through all the ship's vicissitudes. They were found by the divers in the ship's chart-room, and with their help every valve in the Hindenburg was traced and found.

SONGS OF 1000 YEARS The Jewish Zemiroth

When in their homes pious Jews meet to keep their Sabbath songs are sung which have followed the Chosen Race in their wanderings for a thousand years or more.

Some of these sacred songs, the Zemiroth, were lately sung at University College before the Jewish Historical Society, and a Jewish historian has traced the story of several of them. The newest of all was written when the Spanish Armada was being driven from our coasts; the earliest known to England was sung when Alfred fought the Danes.

From the earliest times the Israelites have been nomads, and their songs have gone with them, a precious heritage which they kept even when in the time of their captivity they wept by the waters of Babylon.

In adversity or in prosperity, or when scorned or oppressed, the mothers of the Jewish race have kept this gift of song for their children.

WEATHER BY WIRELESS Something New

Something new in the way of wireless has been started at Munich, where a weather chart is being broadcast daily by a little machine invented by a German engineer named Dieckmann.

Many people have provided themselves with one of the receiving instruments, which is fitted to their ordinary receiving apparatus. At 9.15 each morning a copy of the actual daily meteorological report is obtained.

LITTLE RED FOLK At School in Thunderchild's Reserve C.N. IN THE FAR NORTH

From the teacher of the Red Indian Day School in Thunderchild's Reserve, Canada, we have received a charming letter telling of her work there.

The Reserve takes its name from Thunderchild, the Chief of the Cree tribe living at the place. It is north-west of Saskatchewan, sixty miles from North Battleford, and has an extent of about 30 square miles. The Red Indians number about 150, and there are 30 children attending the school, which has been opened a little over two years. Then the teacher knew no Cree and the



Three Children of Thunderchild

children knew no English. The difference since that time has become in every way remarkable.

Now the school is having lessons much like an English school. Three of the boys and two of the girls have written letters to the Editor with excellent writing and spelling. Their teacher says of her splendid scholars: "They love coming to school, and are very quiet and orderly. I am trying to teach them to 'play the game,' to be kind to animals, and to reverence all God's handiwork.

"They are such natural children, and know quite a lot about Nature and animals. I have found them wonderfully intelligent, quite equal to any English children I have taught. At present the people are living in tents and wigwags, but in winter they live in log huts."

Riding Without a Saddle

The children's letters have been sent to us because their writers are beginning to read the C.N. and are much interested in its pictures. They tell us of their school, their studies, and their home life, such as "My father has 15 horses, four cows, and three calves; and my grandfather has four horses but no cows." The boys are proud of riding horses without a saddle.

One letter sends us all the children's names—Peter Meetoos, John Noon, George Horse, Norman Sunchild, and so on; another tells us that three girls have bobbed their hair, though the rest of the girls have it still in two plaits tied with bright ribbons.

The whole picture is one of children learning quickly and well, having plenty of sport; and the impression made by all the letters is that most happy and useful work is being done with remarkable success and in a delightful spirit.

We are glad to think the C.N. is playing its part in such far-off places, helping to brighten the lives of these fine children so willing to learn. Our greeting to them.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A portrait by Romney	£60,900
A necklace of 163 pearls	£7200
1st ed. of Pilgrim's Progress	£6800
A First Folio Shakespeare	£1800
1st ed. of Capt. Smith's Virginia	£170
A Chippendale chair	£126
A penny Mauritius stamp	£120
A George I silver teapot	£108
Captain Cook's sea-chest	£8
The small table on which Napoleon signed his abdication	was sold for £30.

JEREMIAH OF GOOD HOPE Saviour of Hungary THE ONLY FEE HE WANTED

"Give it to charity; your people need it more than I do." That was the reply of Mr. Jeremiah Smith, the League's High Commissioner, when the Hungarian Prime Minister handed him a cheque for £20,000 in recognition of his great services.

Those services have set Hungary on her feet financially in a wonderfully short time, and Mr. Smith, a great lawyer by no means wealthy, left his work in America to help the Hungarian people for two years. His work was worth immensely more than Hungary could offer him, but Mr. Smith told the Prime Minister of Hungary that the only compensation he desired was the appreciation and friendship of the Hungarian people.

When he arrived in Budapest he was allotted sumptuous apartments in a first-class hotel till a suite in the Royal Palace could be prepared, but he changed them for a bedroom on the top floor. "I live simply," he said, "and require little for my needs."

The Hungarian Government, finding remonstrance useless, has decided to set up a Jeremiah Smith Scholarship Fund with the money, to pay for sending two students to America every year. So that Jeremiah, so long a name for gloomy views, has become a name of good hope for Hungary, and we all rejoice in Mr. Smith's act of kindness and goodwill.

A DINNER OVER 20,000 YEARS OLD Steaks from a Prehistoric Mammoth

It is not often that we find anything but the bones of those great monsters that roamed the Earth thousands of years ago, before history began.

But in Eastern Siberia, on the lower course of the River Amur, a mammoth over 20,000 years old has been discovered embedded in the ice of a glacier which forms part of the frozen river bed, and the great beast has been preserved so wonderfully that its flesh remains on its bones.

Indeed, when it was first discovered by the members of a Moscow scientific expedition the question of preserving and transporting it was so difficult that it was found advisable to use a great deal of the flesh to feed the dogs accompanying the expedition.

Long ago, when a similar discovery was made, Dean Buckland tasted mammoth at a dinner he gave to his friends.

THE AGE-LONG STRUGGLE GOES ON Man Against Beast in India

Every year fewer human beings lose their lives in India from attacks by wild beasts and snakes.

Snakes took about ten times as many lives as all the wild beasts put together last year. All other animals caused 1974 deaths and snakes 19,308, against 2587 and 19,867 the previous year. Detailed figures are: deaths caused by tigers 974, by wolves 265, leopards 191, crocodiles 98, bears 82, elephants 78, and wild pigs 73. The only increase is in kills by elephants.

On the other side of the account 24,605 wild animals were destroyed: 4600 leopards, 2485 bears, 2361 wolves, and only 1609 tigers; but the tigers get far the worst of the age-long struggle now. £5250 was paid in rewards for the destruction of wild animals.

SHALL WE DRESS IN GRASS? Fibres That Can be Spun and Woven

A NEW ERA OF CHEAPER CLOTHES FOR ALL

One of the Empire's great problems has long been the increase of the supply of cotton for the spinning and weaving industry of Lancashire.

Now an invention has been made which it is believed will enable the same machines to make yarn and cloth from the boundless supplies of bamboo and grasses which grow in our tropical possessions.

The inventor is Dr. Nanji, a member of the teaching staff of Birmingham University, helped by Dr. F. J. Paton, of Bristol University. The invention is a chemical process which separates the fibres of these plants and so prepares them for being spun into yarn as readily as cotton or flax. It is said they will make better artificial silk than that made from wood pulp.

The new material can be produced much more cheaply than cotton and at a quarter of the cost of the present artificial silk, while the existing spinning and weaving machinery can be used for it with very little alteration.

Last, but not least, the invention will make it possible to use for paper-making vast quantities of jute tissue now treated as waste.

THE CUCKOO AND THE SWALLOW

Correct a Bad Impression

We have to thank the cuckoo and the swallow for correcting a wrong impression about the weather.

Most of us think the weather is getting worse and worse each year, and all sorts of theories are put forward as to the reason. A paper read before the Meteorological Society the other day tells us that this is all wrong. Taken as a whole, over the entire country, the weather is as good as it ever was.

Last year was exactly normal in its average temperature. The cuckoo and the swallow were witnesses. These birds usually make their appearance about the same time, the cuckoo two days behind the swallow. While the cuckoo was as much as ten days behind the swallow along a rough line from south-east England to Ireland, it was actually a day earlier on the average toward the north of Scotland. The relative appearance of the two birds over the whole country showed that on an average the climatic conditions were just as usual. If we have cold summers we have warm winters, and if we have one very wet month we have another very dry one; in fact, the good weather exactly balances the bad.

WHEN THE TRUNK OPENED Out Fell Poor Roger

Roger Raudinu, a Parisian boy of fifteen, has had an unfortunate experience as a stowaway.

The great romance which he cherished of becoming a film star in America has been shattered by stern authority, and now Roger will have to spend some time in an industrial school instead.

It all came about through an accident. Roger left his post in Paris with a week's pay in his pocket, walked to Cherbourg, and there concealed himself on a tug which was proceeding with mails and baggage, emptying the trunk of an American tourist and substituting himself for its contents. As soon as the trunk was hoisted on board the liner it burst open and spilled Roger all over the deck, right at the captain's feet!

August 14, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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21 MILES FROM A NEIGHBOUR AND 23 FROM A POST OFFICE

C.N. Reader on a Far-Away
Hill in New Zealand

LIFE CLOSE TO NATURE

It is curious how little many of us know of features of the British Empire which should at least be broadly understood. Take New Zealand, for instance.

It is in much the same position on the other side of the world—the oceanic side—as the British Isles are on this, the continental side. Its climate is not unlike ours. It grows, or can grow, the same products. Its people are, in disposition, singularly like us. When many of them were over here during the Great War we felt very near to them, though they were from so far away. Still, few of us realise the varieties of soil and scenery on their islands. A letter to the C.N. from one of its readers living there shows that this is so.

A Life of Solitude

Our interesting correspondent has been living ten years at a distance of 21 miles from his nearest neighbour, and 23 miles from a post office. Most of that distance has to be crossed by pack-horse trail through the Bush.

If you look at a good map of New Zealand you will see the province of Nelson at the north-west end of South Island. There, between Tasman Bay and Golden Bay, is a district called Takata, running out to a small peninsula and backed inland by a range of mountains named on some maps the Tasman Range, with Mount Arthur and Mount Peel as peaks in it. Well, up there, about 2700 feet above the sea, lives our friend with his wife and dogs, more than 20 miles away from anybody else.

Naturalist and Prospector

There he has lived for ten years prospecting for minerals, studying the wild life of the region—plants, birds, and animals—introducing our fruits and vegetables, sending to anybody who needs them the Alpine plants native to the soil up to 6000 feet, and waiting for the time to come when the land he has settled on, rich in asbestos and other minerals, will be developed. His name is Mr. H. F. Chaffey, and his address is Asbestos Cottage, Pokaroro, Nelson, N.Z.

From his lonely hillside cottage he has been prospecting steadily around through country untraversed before, till he has sometimes camped a twelve hours' walk from his home, and has been away ten days at a time, "leaving Mrs. Chaffey alone with a dog and Nature for company." Last summer they were not so lonely, for engineers of the Mines Department were there, and the solitary settlers joyfully anticipate their return. For this corner of New Zealand may soon be brought in to the business of the world.

A Student of Bird Life

Some of the fine photographs of New Zealand scenery displayed at Wembley were taken by Mr. Chaffey, and some specimens of its products were sent there from Pokaroro.

Mr. Chaffey's notes on bird and animal life show curiously how European animal life is being added to that which is native to New Zealand. He tells at one moment of birds like the kiwi, he weka, the more-pork owl (which has he call "por, por, por, por, more-por," the first four notes being uttered quickly and the last two drawled out), the kea, the kakapo, the friendly and entertaining little fantails; and next moment he is telling of the songs of thrushes and blackbirds, the anti-

END OF AN EGYPTIAN DYNASTY

WHAT IS HAPPENING?

Sir Flinders Petrie to Give Up
His Great Work

BOTHERING REGULATIONS

Many have been the Dynasties in Egypt. The last one might be called the Flinders Petrie Dynasty and is now coming to an end, for Sir Flinders Petrie, who has given fifty years of his life to making plainer the histories of the Egyptian Dynasties which have preceded his, is leaving Egypt.

Like the Israelites before him, he is leaving the land of the Nile for Palestine, which was the highway traversed by many a Philistine, many a Hittite, by many a nomad tribe from Asia on the way to Africa, before Moses led the Chosen People to seek in it the Promised Land.

Jealous Archaeologists

Sir Flinders Petrie shakes the storied dust of Egypt from his feet, not at any behest of a hard-hearted Pharaoh, but because, like other of the many archaeologists, English and American, who have laboured at Thebes and Tel-el-Amarna and in the Valley of the Kings, he finds that the Egyptian authorities do not think the labourer worthy of his hire.

For nearly a hundred years, during the whole period of the exploration of antiquities in Egypt by European archaeologists, there has been jealousy among those who were at work. While this took the form of healthy rivalry in different fields of exploration this was no great matter.

It entered on a new phase when the Egyptians, who had profited by the world-wide interest aroused in their country and its history, began to play off one school of archaeologists against another with a view to making a greater profit from all.

It is said that French influence has brought about this trouble, the chief controller of excavation being French.

A Foolish Policy

The complaint of Sir Flinders Petrie is that although, according to long-standing agreement, the Egyptian Government has taken one-half of the fruits of the excavator from every archaeologist, and that half always the more valuable one, the new regulations will leave him nothing but his expenses.

There are other tiresome and harassing regulations. The Egyptians have an undeniable right to keep their antiquities to themselves, but the whole world will be the poorer by the withdrawal from their country of the men who bring learning to the task of examining and appraising them when found.

Cairo is flooded with forged antiquities in the bazaars. By driving out the excavators who find the real ones Egypt is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Continued from the previous column.

tomtits, the swoop of harriers on grey ducks, and the mischief of hedge-sparrows that help themselves from the black-currant bushes and scatter the fruit to their young ones underneath. In this mixture of birds the Englishman is at once in a foreign land and at home.

It is delightful to us to know that the C.N. and My Magazine find their way to this far-off homestead amid the mountain scenery where they keep company with Nature, one of innumerable similar areas in New Zealand where the conquest of Earth's riches has scarcely begun.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

The Spartan Three Hundred

August 10, 480 B.C. Thermopylae.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

EPITAPH AT THERMOPYLAE

For three hundred years after the Battle of Thermopylae every child in the public schools of Greece was required to recite from memory the names of the three hundred martyrs who fell in the defence of that Pass.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Why Cannot We See Air?

Because it is made up of colourless gases.

What Does Friska Mean?

It is a musical term meaning that the principal section of the czardas, a Hungarian dance, is to be taken in lively time.

What is a Cowan?

A builder of stone walls who has not been regularly trained in the mason's trade. The origin of the word is unknown.

Who Invented the Sewing-Machine?

Thomas Saint, an Englishman, in 1792; but the first satisfactory machine was made by Elias Howe, an American, about 1841.

Do the Letters M.A. stand for Master of Arts?

No; they stand for the Latin words *Magister Artium*, which translated into English mean Master of Arts.

What are Zymotic Diseases?

Those which can be communicated from one person to another by a fermenting virus. The word is derived from the Greek *zymotikos*, meaning that which produces fermentation.

Why Has a Guinea-Pig No Tail?

We can only say that in the course of evolution the guinea-pig animals with no tails have survived because they were best adapted to their manner of life, but how the lack of tail helps them is unknown.

What was the Population of London in 1870 and What is it Now?

Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics gives the population of London in 1861 as 2,804,000. It does not give figures for 1870. The latest census figures, those for 1921, are 7,476,168.

Why are We Giddy When Looking Down From a Height?

Often fear of falling disturbs the working of the brain, causing the giddiness; at other times the sense of balance is disturbed by tricks of vision when looking down, power of balance depending largely on sight.

What are the Comparative Sizes of the Leviathan and Noah's Ark?

The Leviathan, one of the two largest steamships ever built, is 907½ feet long, 100½ feet broad, and 58 feet deep. The Ark, taking the cubit at 21 inches, was 525 feet long, 87½ feet broad, and 52½ feet deep. The Majestic, though less in tonnage and breadth than the Leviathan, is 915½ feet long.

What is a University?

An association of men for the purpose of study which confers degrees acknowledged as valid throughout Christendom. The word is from the Latin *universalis*, meaning belonging to the whole, and a university is a place of universal study. A college is an educational institution often associated with a university, and sometimes having the power to grant degrees.

How is the Diameter of the Earth Measured?

On a more or less level plain on the Earth's surface a line a few hundreds of miles long is accurately measured by surveyors. We know the Earth is round, and by instruments the astronomer can tell what proportion this measured line is of a meridian or circle right round the globe. The circumference can then be calculated and from it the diameter. But there is a slight difference between the polar and equatorial diameters of the Earth and this is discovered by measuring the changes in the swing of a pendulum at different points on the Earth's surface.

JUPITER AT HIS NEAREST A RAPIDLY ROTATING WORLD

The Never-Ending Whirl at
30,000 Miles an Hour

GREAT WAR OF THE ELEMENTS

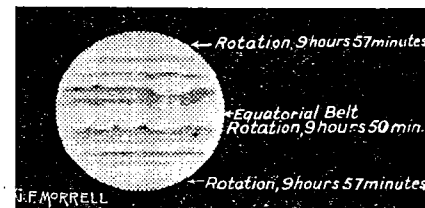
By the C.N. Astronomer

Jupiter will be at his nearest to us on Sunday, August 15, 371,280,000 miles away—four times as far as the Sun.

Were Jupiter as near to us as the Sun he would appear as a little disc in the sky which would be quite perceptible to the naked eye, appearing about a tenth the width which the Moon appears to us.

His four largest moons would then be easily seen without optical aid, providing a spectacle of never ending interest. However, a very small telescope will show all this, while one with a lens two inches across will give us a glimpse of his wonderful belts of cloud.

Now is the best time for studying Jupiter's handsome globe, and for noting the numerous fine and rapidly-moving details speeding across his disc; for in



Jupiter, showing regions of different rotation and also the bright and dark spots of cyclonic storm disturbance

the short space of five hours objects that appear on the right side (as observed inverted in an astronomical telescope) will have vanished round the left side.

This is due to the rapid rotation of Jupiter's world, which takes just under ten hours. So fast do Jupiter's equatorial regions travel that anyone on them would be whirled along at 30,000 miles an hour; indeed, these regions travel faster than the rest of the planet, gaining about 7 minutes on each rotation of his globe. After about 85 rotations, therefore, a spot on Jupiter's equatorial zone makes a complete circuit of the planet, ahead of all the rest, some parts rushing past at 350 miles an hour.

These different rates of rotation and the terrific speed at which the whole travels indicate an amazing state of things on Jupiter's surface.

Great Cyclonic Storm Areas

Of course, on the Earth clouds can be seen travelling at different rates; and when an 80-mile-an-hour hurricane occurs it is a terrible affair even in our comparatively light atmosphere and clouds. But on Jupiter the atmosphere and clouds are far denser and more ponderable. Being also of far greater depth, they are of immense and crushing weight. Moreover, the gravitational pull on Jupiter's surface is more than two and a half times greater than on our world, so a terrestrial pound of 16 ounces would on Jupiter weigh about 43 ounces.

The spectacle of the currents of this dense and weighty cloud-laden atmosphere at a super-torrid heat rushing with speeds far greater than our tornadoes and in a never-ending whirl is what astronomers love to dwell upon at this time as they scan Jupiter's beautiful disc for fresh disturbances, as they are called. These are constantly appearing, like sunspots, and travel with a motion of their own; they are obviously great cyclonic vortices and violent storm areas. Thus a great war of the elements is evidently a perpetual condition of things on Jupiter.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus and Mercury in the east; Mars south. In the evening Jupiter south-east, Saturn south-west.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 39

The Last Word

FRUPPENY fought like a wild cat, but it was hopeless; he was soon borne down and mastered by the man's strength. Then Hatz, who had uttered no word yet, spoke for the first time.

"Glad you didn't keep me waiting," he said derisively, dragging his captive back to the open door. "I was expecting you."

Fruppeny answered nothing; he smarted too much.

"Do you take us for children?" Hatz went on, betwixt his hard breathing. "Couldn't we calculate that you would try to break out? Now you've had your chance and seen the result perhaps you'll be satisfied that you can't get away from us."

And their victim, bruised and nigh choking, his hope smashed to pieces, was no longer in any mood to believe that he could. Mutely he listened to the offer now made to him, namely, either to spend the rest of the night in his captor's company, or to promise to remain in his own room until morning. He gave this promise as the lesser of two evils and was led back and locked in again, and immediately he flung himself on his bed fatigue overcame him and he dropped fast asleep.

It was broad daylight when he awoke. No one had come to disturb him, and so tired was he that he might have slept longer still had not unusual noises pervaded the house. They brought him back to reality with a start.

Feet were moving in the passage, loud, heavy treads quite unlike the steps of Hatz or the lame man, and rough voices mingled with them with deep-throated laughter. These sounds passed out of the house; the laughter receded, and was followed a few moments afterwards by a sharp and clear utterance which might have been the word of command to a boat's crew. And this he judged it to be, for, straining his ears, he caught presently from the water the creaking of rowlocks, with the rhythmic and measured plashing of oars.

It was clear, then, that one of the schooner's boats had put someone ashore, one who had brought a message, perhaps, and was now returning.

He was not kept waiting much longer. Hatz came with some coffee, and informed him, when he had drunk it, that Lapp would now see him. Though faint and dizzy for want of solid food, excitement kept Fruppeny up—but it was a terrified excitement.

Lapp, who gave him no greeting, was seated by the table, his chair drawn a trifle from it, one elbow crooked across his thigh. His morose and sunken eyes were filled with deep thought, and his lips were set firmly together.

Hatz closed the door and leaned against it as yesterday. But their prisoner had moved straight across to the window, whence he saw the schooner bustling into activity as the crew moved here and there to spread her canvas. Already the boat was drawing near to her counter, and her davits were making ready to swing it aboard.

When he turned again the lame man opened his lips. But he only uttered two words. "So futile!" he said. And, saying this, he displayed a scrap of white paper.

Fruppeny had recognised it at once, as he recognised the ripped envelope on the floor; and, sick with despair, he knew that his last hope had failed him.

"Are you satisfied that you can't over-reach us, Smith?"

But the lame man brushed Hatz's gloating exclamation aside. "What does this gibberish mean?" he demanded instead.

"Mean!" echoed Fruppeny, fighting against his cloud of despondency. "It's my property. You've no right to it. I won't tell you."

Lapp tore the paper to fragments. "That's the end of it, then. What it means matters nothing, for that is the end of it." He changed his position, moving his chair out farther and leaning forward a little, a hand on each knee, his rubber-shod staff on the floor beside him.

"Now," he inquired slowly, "what are those key words?"

"I won't... say," Fruppeny stammered between his teeth.

Hatz had turned as white as a sheet in his eagerness, but Lapp remained impassive, without emotion. So for a minute, till he drew himself out of his chair and, recovering his stick, advanced to the window, where he bent and searched Fruppeny with his eyes.

"You had much better tell us," he said. "I warn you for the last time—don't drive me to extremes."

But Fruppeny's blood was up and his courage flared like a flame.

"I won't tell you!" he cried. "I will never tell you! I don't care what you do to me!"

"Is that your last word?" Lapp flung at him in a harder tone.

"Yes. Except—"

"Except what?" Hatz interjected.

"Except that you can't frighten me!" Fruppeny shouted, hoping against hope that they'd let him go if he showed them a bold front. He knew that his peril now was immediate and real; he could read it in the vicious twist of Hatz's lips, he could feel it in the remorseless probe of Lapp's eyes. But the lower his heart sank the higher his head rose; and thus he stood there and faced them, clenching his hands and conscious of a burning spot on each cheek. Then all at once a dryness came to his throat and, trying to moisten his lips, his tongue gave no moisture.

Lapp's figure appeared to swell into grotesque proportions, and to swim before him in a wavering mist. Through that mist, but as from some enormous distance, there reached his ears at last:

"Is that your last word?"

He heard a cracked voice—his own was it?—answering:

"Yes!" And then his body swayed, his legs gave, and he pitched forward.

CHAPTER 40

The Next Move

WHEN he came to himself he was back in his cell off the passage, and found Hatz bending over him with some water. He had fallen in a faint, perhaps from want of food, and would be given something to eat in a moment or two. Hatz's cold and matter-of-fact way of announcing this left him under no delusion that his enemies had relented.

Presently he heard the old crone's steps at the door, where Hatz took from her the bread-and-milk she had brought. He had something to say, but waited till Fruppeny had eaten. Then:

"Listen to me, Smith," he began. "Why keep up this folly? You are going to speak. You will have to speak sooner or later."

But now Fruppeny was in the grip of reaction, worn out with his emotions. He turned his face to the wall and lay mute and listless.

There was nothing more to be done except resist dumbly.

Hatz did not spare him.

"Smith," he began again, every word like the thrust of a knife at his victim's exhaustion, "Smith, when you feel disposed to glance at your window you'll see that it is barred on the outside now. A mouse could not squeeze through it now. So that game is up."

He waited. "Now, listen! I'll tell you. Luckily for you Lapp's been called away, and he's willing that nothing more shall be done till he's back. Oh, yes; he'll be back in a day or two, and then if you've not become sensible we'll drag it out of you."

He waited again, but only silence responded. He went on viciously: "Well, there's no more parole. Here you are and here I'll keep you fast till you give me that key or till Lapp returns. The schooner will be back then. She's not gone far. So unless you have changed your mind you'll be more than sorry. But you'll listen to reason by then, Smith."

He threw one glance round the room and, striding to the door, he slammed it behind him. Next Fruppeny caught the turn of the key in the lock.

Thereupon he must have slept from sheer mental weariness. And slept soundly; for when he grew fully conscious once more the light in his window was fading into dim greyness, and, stumbling to his feet, he found a tea-tray by his bed, which revealed that Hatz had come in and out in the meanwhile. The tea was lukewarm now, but he drank it greedily and left not a crumb of the bread-and-butter accompanying it. So, he reflected, they had no intention of starving him; that faint—he supposed he had fainted—had frightened them.

He felt stronger; he felt more himself; sleep and food had restored him. Why despair yet? He had forty-eight hours most likely before Lapp returned, and all sorts of things might happen in forty-eight hours. After dressing and eating the breakfast which Hatz himself brought—it was plain that they would no longer trust the deaf-and-dumb woman—his spirits had so much increased that hope waxed to activity.

Soon after midday Hatz appeared with a tray.

"Changed your mind?" he asked quietly.

"No," replied Fruppeny, looking him full in the face.

His gaoler set the tray down and strode to the door.

"I have done with bandying words," he flung over his shoulder.

Bandying words! As he brooded through the rest of that lonely, long day the phrase kept beating back to Fruppeny's mind. He reflected that "bandying words" had done him good service; and he even plucked up heart to feel wanly amused by the recollection that unless he had bandied words he would never have discovered the extent of their villainy or extracted the particulars of their plot. Now he did know all, and knowledge was power; his knowledge might check-mate them could he only escape.

Yes, he went on thinking, if he could escape what a service he could render to John Andrew's guardian! One good turn deserves another. So surely, oh, surely, Mr. Burford would then forgive John Andrew and himself for their innocent deception in changing places!

Pictures from Every Corner of the Earth

There is no picture paper you will enjoy more than the CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL. It is packed with fascinating pictures, stories, and news, and you will love every one of its cheerful pages. You will find stories to make you laugh, true tales of boys and girls who have adventured in all parts of the world; photographs of wonderful cities, of strange animals, and of the marvels of science. Don't miss this week's fine issue. Ask your newsagent TODAY for

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Every Tuesday - - - - 2d.

"Besides, I'm paying for it. I'm paying up to the hilt for it," he repeated to himself.

No sound came to his ears but the sob of the sea. He remembered his feelings when, first driving up to St. Quentin's, he had seen the sea spread before him veiled in night's beauty. How his heart had leaped then! And now the sea was his enemy, his cruel warder, whose ruthless depths guarded his prison. And somewhere o'er those depths the schooner was speeding to come back stealthily when her errand was done.

What did they meditate when the schooner came back? When Lapp had returned and the schooner crept out of the night was their intention really to carry him off? Well, so they had threatened. But why?

Ah, he saw why. On land they must fear the danger of being disturbed. Lonely as this house on its spit of rock was, some off-chance of interference came into reckoning. And these men took no chances. How well he knew that! Therefore they would spirit him off to sea, where, safe from any danger of intervention, they could force him to surrender the secret of the code.

He recalled that malevolent, brooding look in Lapp's eyes. There came back to him his vision of Lapp at the door, like to some great and compassionless creature of prey. And his heart stood still when he thought of the means they would use.

He must find out from Hatz if they still meant to kidnap him unless he gave way. And so next morning, when his gaoler arrived with his breakfast, he asked:

"When Lapp returns what do you intend?"

"To do with you?"

"Yes. Supposing I still refuse." This he added as a feeler, watching the man's face.

"Ah, so you're coming round! All the better for you. Otherwise we shall take you to the ship and set her course for Benavador when you're aboard." Hatz paused. "And while you're aboard," he added, stressing each syllable, "you can leave it to us to find a way to compel you. There are rope-ends aboard a ship. Ay, and there are other means, Smith."

Fruppeny said no more, but when Hatz had gone he saw very clearly what he must do.

For it flashed on him that the good reasons which had prevented him from disclosing himself when they first demanded the secret no longer prevailed. His stratagem had circumvented that need. He had played for time, and had won what he played for. By the respite which he had wrung from John Andrew's enemies by the spoke of three days' delay he had put in their wheel—a delay which might be four days ere Lapp came back—he had already stepped between his friend and the danger to his friend. His wits had won the first victory in the struggle.

Surely it was characteristic of Fruppeny that he gave his wits all the credit and none to his courage!

But this he saw: That he could now reveal who he was. Then, without any suspicion that he held half the key to the code, they would abandon their task in disgust, or they must start it all over again with a search for John Andrew. And now that he had wrested the particulars of their plot (by standing out; he would never have learned it otherwise or through the immediate admission of his identity) it would be strange indeed if he could not baulk their new start.

So on Lapp's return he would spring his mine by revealing that they'd got the wrong man all the time.

On this resolve he was filled with refreshing excitement. He felt that he was winning all along the line. And as Hatz went out that afternoon with the tea-tray he even favoured his back with an impish grimace.

"Sold again!" he added wordlessly to the grimace.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Traveller

THE greatest and most romantic of all travellers by land was born in 1254 and died in 1324. He explored Asia from side to side and round its southern coast.

He was a Venetian when Venice was a great trading city and State. His father and a brother, setting out from Constantinople to trade, crossed Asia and reached Pekin, the capital of Kublai Khan, the great Mongol Emperor of China. There they were welcomed, and the Khan was so impressed by the account they gave of the Christian religion that he sent them back as his messengers to the Pope, asking him to send 200 of his followers to educate China in Christian ways. The Venetians reached the Mediterranean coast in 1269.

In Venice they found that the wife of the younger brother was dead, but had left a son who was now 15 years old—so long had they been away. It was more than two years before they started back to guide the two priests, who were all that a new Pope could send instead of two hundred, and those two soon lost courage and turned back. But the brothers went on, taking with them the son of the elder of the two, a lad of seventeen.

First they went across Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf, then overland through Persia and Balkh to the Pamir highlands, and by Yarkand, Lop-Nor, and the Gobi Desert to China. There they were well received by the Khan. It was now 1275.

The young Venetian, who rapidly learned the local languages, was especially popular.

Kublai took him into his service, and employed him in many missions to the remoter parts of his territory till he knew China from the Great Wall in the north to Burma. Chinese history records some of his doings.

Kublai would not allow the travellers to return to their own country for seventeen years, and only consented when he wished them to show a Mongol princess the way to Persia, where she was to marry a Mongol Shah. They delivered the lady safely by sea at her destination, and then returned to Venice, the journey having lasted nearly four years.

Their Venetian relatives would not acknowledge them until they found that they had come back rich. The son, no longer young, was captured by the Genoese fleet in a battle with the Venetians, and was kept a prisoner in Genoa for nearly a year. During that time he dictated an account



of his travels to a fellow prisoner, who took it down in French, and so the world came to know of his journeyings, which later travellers have confirmed. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

August 14, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

II



There is a Singing in the Summer Air



D! MERRYMAN

A MAN with a slight knowledge of literature was telling a group of his friends that modern writers were hopelessly incompetent, and were not to be compared with the ancient writers.

Two authors happened to overhear him, and while one was inclined to be angry the other smiled and said:

"Do not listen to him, my friend. He would abuse the ancients if he knew their names!"

An Arithmetical Problem

A DECORATOR painted the walls of a room in three days. How long would he take, working at the same rate, to paint a room twice as long, twice as broad, and twice as high? *Solution next week*

WHEN is a fish like an airman?
When it rises and takes a fly.

Do You Live at Acton?

ACTON sounds like the Old English ac tun, or enclosure with the oaks, but in ancient documents the place is spelled Acantun, so that the name really means the tun, or enclosure, of Acca, a common Old English name. Acca was probably a prominent leader who lived in a village in this neighbourhood in days of old.

Damaged Goods

A STRANGER went into a certain restaurant and ordered a steak. When it was brought to him he found that it was quite impossible to cut it.

"I say, waiter," he exclaimed, "this steak is no good. It is as tough as leather."

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the waiter; "it's the best one we have, and, in any case, I can't take it back."

"What do you mean?" demanded the angry diner. "Why can't you take it back?"

"You've bent it, sir."

Hats of the World



Mongol Russian

What Am I?

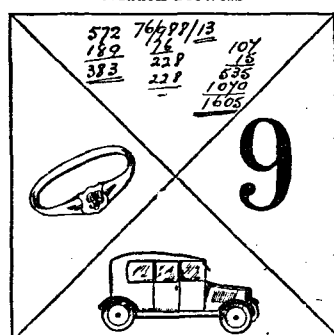
My first is in cheese-knife but not in plate,
My second's in heavy but not in weight,
My third is in ironment but not in hour,
My fourth is in dungeon but not in tower,
My fifth is in lily but not in rose,
My sixth is in reaping but not in mows,
My seventh's in silver but not in gold,
My eighth is in timid but not in bold,
My ninth is in icy but not in freeze,
My tenth is in ocean but not in seas,
My eleventh's in pocket but not in comb,
My whole you will find at night in the home.

Solution next week

WHAT insect becomes a serpent when behealed? Wasp.

WHAT professional men are often seen working with a will? Lawyers.

Hidden Flowers



When you have found the four words represented in this drawing take one letter from each word and make the names of (1) a brilliant coloured flower, usually scarlet or shades of yellow; (2) almost everybody's favourite flower; (3) a spring flower with reed-like leaves. Can you find out what they are? *Solution next week*

Time to Put Up the Shutters

A MAN set up shop at Kilowen, But found that there wasn't much doing.

In three weeks or more
He took fifteen and four,
Then thought it was time to be going.

Curtailed Words

COMPLETE, a privilege I am;
Curtailed, I on the altar stand;
Curtailed again, I am a head;
Once more, and I'm in Ireland;
A last curtailment being made,
A parent then is near at hand.

Solution next week

A Punster's Lament

IF I be duly punished
For every foolish pun I shed,
I shall not find one puny shed
Wherein to hide my punished head.

A Scientific Excuse

ONE very warm morning a boy arrived late at school, and the master demanded an explanation. "You see, sir," said the boy, "it took me longer to come here this morning because the road is longer."

"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled master.

"Well, the sun is very hot this morning, sir, and you told us yesterday that heat makes things expand, so I think it must have lengthened the road."

Nonsense

I DREAMED a dream next Tuesday week
Beneath the apple trees;
I thought my eyes were big pork-pies
And my nose was Stilton cheese.
The clock struck twenty minutes to six
When a frog sat on my knee;
I asked him to lend me eighteen pence,
But he borrowed a shilling of me.

Delighted

"BUT if you were only in your last situation three days, Mary, what makes you think your mistress was pleased with you?" a lady asked her new maid. "Well, mum," Mary replied, "she said she was pleased when I went."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? A stick

Added Initials

P-ear, s-loop, c-ash, w-heel, c-lock, f-arm.

A Fishy Problem. 72 inches

A Riddle in Rhyme. Sunflower

Jacko Broadcasts

ADOLPHUS was very proud of his voice. He told everybody that he might have made his fortune as an opera singer, and, as nobody knew enough to contradict him, he managed to get quite a musical reputation in the place. In fact, one day he was asked to broadcast for the Monkeyville Wireless.

"I've expected this invitation for some time," he declared, brandishing the letter. "Everybody says they want real talent for the wireless."

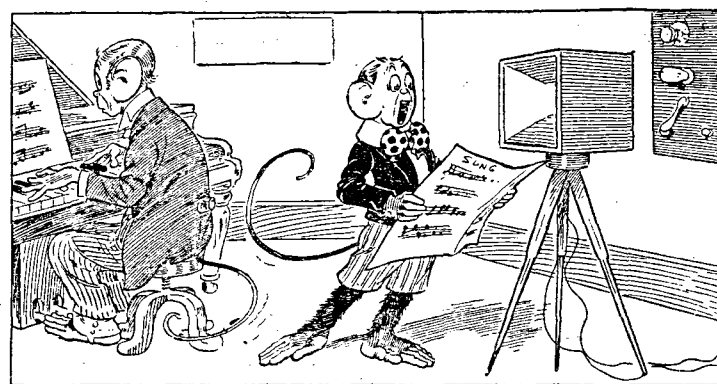
Jacko thought it was the funniest thing he had ever heard. He laughed so much that Mrs. Jacko got quite angry with him.

"I'm sure it's a great honour for Adolphus," she said, "and a fine chance for everybody to hear some really good music."

"Really good music!" exclaimed Jacko. "I'd rather listen to a cat's concert."

Adolphus boxed Jacko's ears for him, and generally made himself so unpleasant that Jacko began to be quite sorry that he had said anything.

And nobody had any peace at all for the next few weeks. Adolphus practised for hours at a time, and even Mrs. Jacko began to wish that wireless had never been invented.



It never occurred to anybody that he wasn't Adolphus

"Though, to be quite fair," she said, "the talks on gardening have certainly helped me to get rid of the slugs."

But at last the great day came, and Adolphus asked for an early cup of tea so as to have plenty of time to get dressed. He had actually bought a new suit for the occasion, quite forgetting that nobody would see him!

And he flew into a rage when he saw Jacko sniggering away in the corner.

"I'll teach you to laugh at me!" he roared. And he chased Jacko out of the room fairly bellowing with rage.

There was a regular scuffle, and in the excitement Adolphus fell against Mrs. Jacko's linen cupboard. The door opened, and in he went with a crash, falling over a big pile of blankets.

It was too good an opportunity to be missed. Jacko, still laughing, turned the key in the lock; then he darted out of the house and made straight for the broadcasting station.

"Here I am!" he exclaimed, brandishing some songs; and it never occurred to anybody that he wasn't Adolphus!

Of course Mrs. Jacko turned on the wireless, though she didn't find it very easy to hear anything owing to a loud knocking which was going on somewhere in the house! But as she didn't want to miss any of Adolphus's songs she didn't go to see what was the matter.

"Somebody at the back door," she said to herself. "They will have to wait."

But the singing, when she heard it, gave her such a shock that she tore off the earphones and rushed off to find Mr. Jacko.

But she found Adolphus instead! And what happened to Jacko when he returned is too sad a tale to repeat.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Fearless Quakers

There are still many Quakers in the country, and it is interesting to hear that their early training in controlling their feelings causes them nearly all to grow up without a trace of nervousness in their manner.

A great nerve doctor says, "I do not believe I ever had to treat a Quaker for nervousness." The Friends are taught from childhood that they must discipline their feelings and behave quietly and in a dignified way.

Les Quakers Intrépides

Il y a encore beaucoup de Quakers dans notre pays, et il est intéressant d'apprendre que dans leur tendre enfance on leur apprend à réprimer leurs passions, ce qui permet à presque tous de grandir sans déceler la moindre nervosité dans leur maintien.

Un célèbre spécialiste pour les maladies nerveuses déclare: "Je ne crois pas avoir jamais eu à soigner un Quaker souffrant d'un état nerveux." Les Amis apprennent dès l'enfance à réprimer leurs émotions et à se conduire avec calme et dignité.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Roller-Skates

HAROLD was swinging on the branch of an apple tree. "Look at me!" he cried.

He was always saying things like that! "Aren't I clever?" or "You can't do that!" or "Just you look at this!" till his friends grew tired of his boastful ways. It is very hard to have to admire the cleverness of your little host when all the time you are longing for a turn yourself; but of course if you are a guest you must be polite, so the children cried: "Bravo!" and wondered when it would be time to go home.

As they left Harold's house Phil and Teddy discussed how they could teach Harold a lesson. "He's always thinking he is so clever!" grumbled Phil, "but he can't do everything."

"I'm sure he can't roller-skate," said Teddy. "I've just had a pair of skates for my birthday, and it's very difficult to learn."

"I know!" cried Phil excitedly. "Let's make Harold try. Of course he'll pretend he can do it better than anyone else, and it will be such a joke to see him look silly."

Teddy thought so too, and soon after they invited Harold and some other friends to tea.

"Who can roller-skate?" Teddy asked the company.

The boys shook their heads, all except Harold, who looked superior.

"That's easy!" he scoffed. "Why, it's as simple as walking!"

"You have a turn, then," said Teddy, leading the way into the yard.

The others, who had been let into the secret, chuckled as



"Look at me!"

Teddy fixed the roller-skates to Harold's boots.

"Look at me!" cried Harold, waving his arms and starting off at a great rate.

But of course he promptly fell flat on his face, for roller-skating without practice is more difficult than anyone might suppose. And if Harold felt half as sheepish as he looked when he picked himself up he must surely have learned a useful lesson.

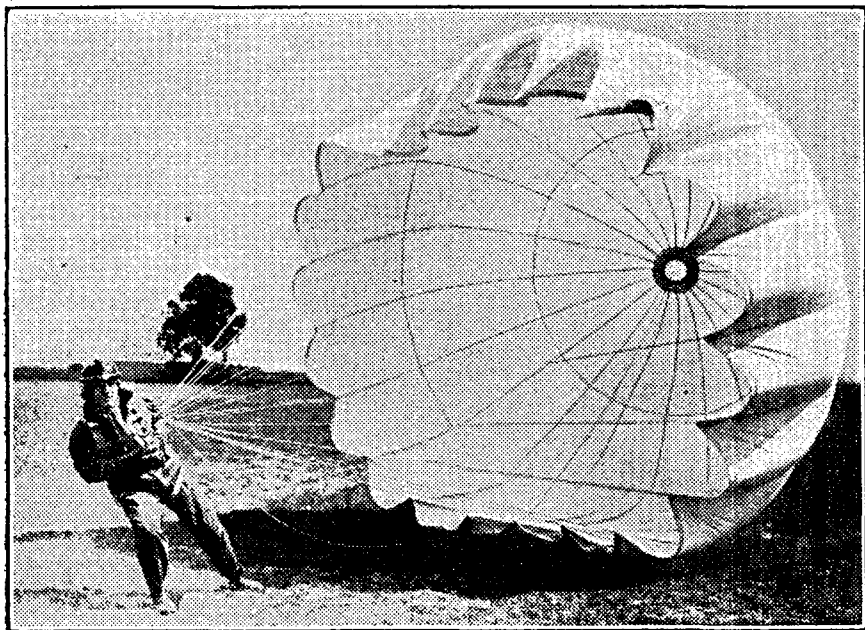
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

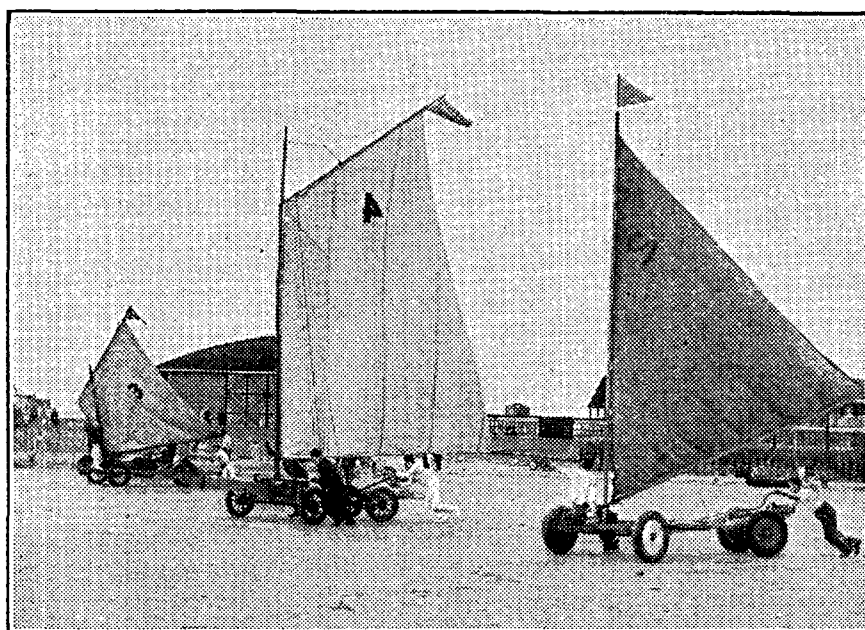
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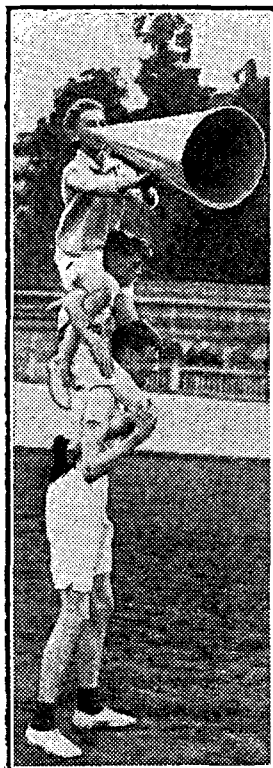
YACHTING ON LAND • LAST OF A FAMOUS SHIP • PUNTS GO RACING



Falling Nearly Three Miles—The world's parachute record has been broken in Germany by Ernest Streit, seen in this picture, who jumped from an aeroplane over 14,000 feet high



Sailing on the Sand—A sand-yachting club has been formed at Bognor, on the south coast, and here we see the wheeled yachts, with their sails set, getting ready to take part in a race



The Loud Speaker—At Battersea County School sports a small boy shouted his orders from this lofty position



The Dance of the Nymphs—Historical pageants that revive the picturesque past of English towns and villages are becoming increasingly popular, and this year many interesting performances of this kind have been held. This picture shows a scene from the successful pageant held at Norwich, in which a number of girls dressed as nymphs and excellently trained gave a classical dance during a representation of the Roman period of the city's eventful history



Breaking Up Day—The Fame, which for 53 years has stood embedded in concrete at Greenwich, is now being dismantled



A Punting Race on the Thames—This picture of a race for the double-punting championship held at Shepperton shows how the punters in their narrow boats move in perfect unison



Policemen at Play—One of the events during the sports of the Oxford police was a mile bicycle race in uniform. In this picture three competitors are seen lining up for the start

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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